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Vol. CXC No. 2485 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 20 1947

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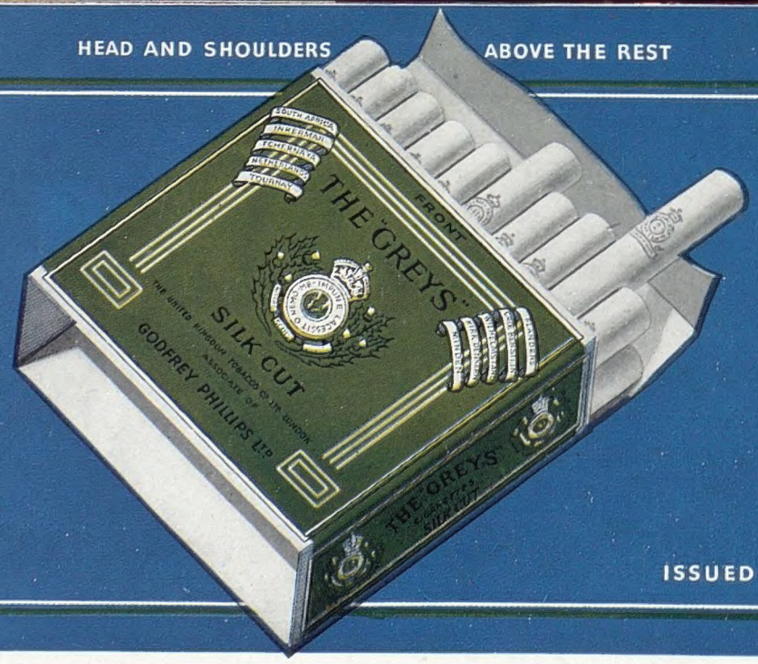

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THE SPHERE
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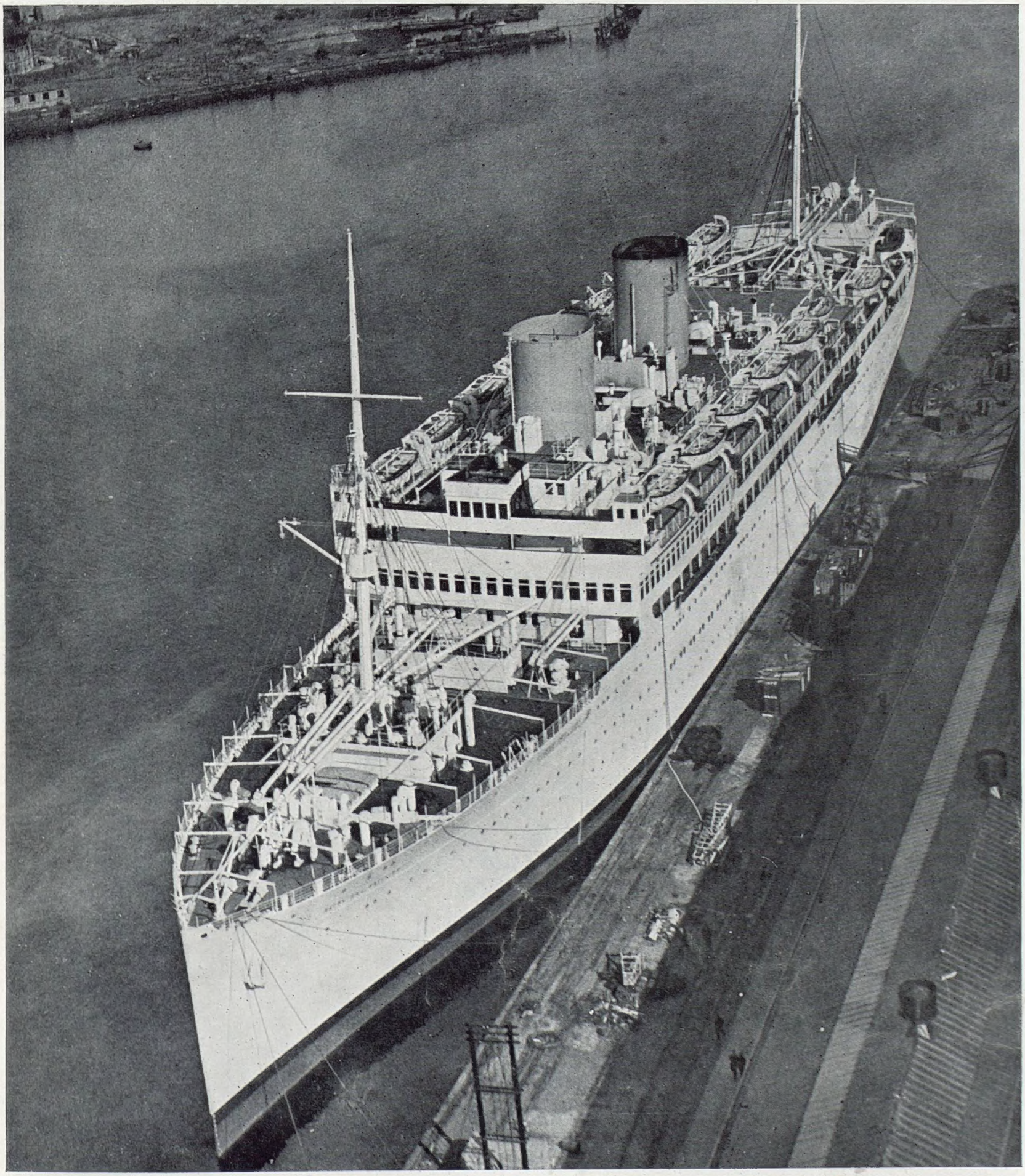
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



DISASTER OVERTAKES THE "REINA DEL PACIFICO"—THE FLAGSHIP OF THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY AT VICTORIA WHARF, BELFAST, ON RETURNING FROM HER ILL-FATED TRIAL TRIP: While on these trials, following an overhaul and preparatory to her first post-war passenger voyage, the 17,000-ton vessel was the scene of a violent engine-room explosion. Twenty-three people were killed. The blackened aft funnel evidences the explosion

The *Reina del Pacifico*, an all-white liner and one of the finest ships in the South American service in pre-war days, took part in the Narvik, North African and Sicilian campaigns, and during her war service she carried more than 600,000 men and sailed about 500,000 miles. Of recent months she has been undergoing an extensive overhaul in the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. Last week, when running her trials in the region of the Copeland Islands at the entrance to Belfast Lough, she wirelessed news of a serious engine-room explosion, the message being picked up at Portpatrick. Immediately the Donaghadee lifeboat went to the rescue, and several other vessels attempted to bring off the injured, although handicapped by the heavy swell. At the time of writing the death-roll is twenty-three and the number of injured is given as thirty-one. Three men are reported to be missing. The *Reina del Pacifico* was due to sail from Liverpool on October 9 with 750 passengers bound for the West Coast of South America. She was due to call at Bermuda *en route* to the Panama Canal and she would have sailed down the coast as far as Chile. It was on board the *Reina del Pacifico* that Ramsay MacDonald died in November 1937 when bound for South America on holiday

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Export Target.—Sir Stafford made his long-awaited statement on September 12. He was informative, dull, austere and clear. His plan was hailed as a practical plan by the F.B.I. and other industrialist representatives. It was somewhat coldly received by the T.U.C. spokesman. There are targets again, a main target, and targets for each industry. They are minimum targets vis-à-vis our hopes of bridging the yawning gulf. But they are Goliath targets compared with anything achieved or dreamed of in days when coal was plentiful and steel needed no nice allocations. The home market is sacrificed penally. The housewife (as usual) suffers more austerity. Even her pots and pans must go across the seas. To bridge the yawning gap, our exports, already high, must be increased by thirty millions every month. The figures are at last before the public and before industry. The premises, the plan and the precepts are known. But all depends on the *practice*. And here there are yawning gaps to be filled in by experience, and many notes of interrogation unanswerable yet. It all depends on coal, on steel, on industrial good relations. But even if you grant that the exporters shall have first call and quick delivery of all the steel they require, the scheme of allocation of steel is itself not yet in being; for the lately existing scheme has failed. And take finance. The export drive must need vast financing by capital expenditure, and this need must somehow conform to a need, not less insistent, of reducing capital investment by 200 millions. All that also has yet to be "worked out." At the moment, in short, there exists at last a skeleton plan, filled in wherever possible with some reliable figures, but still very much a skeleton to be clothed in flesh in the light of experience.

How Long?—Robinson Crusoe could have planned his island economy much more clear-headedly and with less fatigue if he had known that a relief ship would put in to his island within, say, two or five years. It is the same thing with us. We return to our Juan Fernandez Islands without the slightest idea of how long the new austerities are likely to last. A year? Five years? Ten? No human being can estimate for us; and for once we cannot blame our leaders. The period of our banishment to Crusoe Island depends on so many incalculable factors. On ourselves, for instance; on our willingness to work; on our willingness to swallow bitter facts. None can forecast how the metal of our race will react to acid tests. It depends on America, and there the time factor is only one of a group of imponderables. It depends on Europe in a dozen aspects and on the harvests of all the continents. It "all depends," in a word. And so it is that you and I have not the means to decide whether it would be a shrewd stroke to buy a pony and a governess cart and reconvert the old horse-stall and coachhouse from mechanical uses. Probably it would be a wise stroke.

Incentives to Work.—"The workers" is a term which should never be used of one class or section in a community. For one reason, man cannot live by bread or by coal alone. The B.A. professors tell us there is a vital need for mixing a little poetry, for instance, into science or the heavy industries. They say, also, that the middle classes to-day (apart from congenital "spivs") are much more willing to work harder to preserve their existing standards of life, than the "working" classes. The latter are ready to sacrifice more goods for less effort even now. Why is it so? Incentives are no use. What the "workers" lack is an "ego-involvement," which is an ugly phrase for a sense of participation in their output. In the factory, most of the workers feel a "prison-complex" and still believe that they are working for an "enemy class." A sense of social service is not *in* the nation to-day. It is very seldom felt, since the Dunkirk spirit is a rare occurrence. The main ca'canny urge is due still to fear of unemployment and dislike of working to enrich an "enemy class," and the demand for more leisure, lighter work and less responsibility is "as real as the demand for a packet of cigarettes." Scientific research into machines and materials and scientific planning are the cures of our industrial malaise to-day. All this reads to me like packets of bromide wrapped up in clumsy pseudo-scientific jargon. I doubt if it be much more helpful than to sum up by saying: "After the fatigues and frustrations and revolutions of decades of world-war, all the nation is work-shy, apathetic, disgruntled, suspicious and quarrelsome."

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP—MR. W. C. NISBETT (LEFT, CENTRE), MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, HANDING THE TROPHY TO MR. BERNARD WEATHERILL, WHO RETURNED A NET SCORE OF 70 IN THE MEDAL ROUND: This was the big event at the Illustrated Newspapers Annual Invitation Golf Meeting held last week-end at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. Mr. W. Hincks and Mr. Andrew Macnicol tied for second place, Mr. Hincks being declared the runner-up. The competitors took part during the morning in a sealed 9 holes selected by Henry Cotton, the winner being Mr. W. B. Fergusson. Also included in the group are Mr. Charles Snelling (extreme right), of Illustrated Newspapers, and Mr. A. E. Hale (second from right), of Dorlands

Interim Aid.—Mr. Marshall, a tired man from weeks of conference at Petropolis, gave a hint and a hope to Europe at his first Press Conference in America. He said that all information from Europe convinced him that the U.S.A. would be compelled to grant interim aid to some European nations before the full Marshall plan could be implemented. How it would be accomplished, how Congressional authority could be obtained, he did not know. But he was convinced that the threat of intolerable hunger and suffering, as a result of poor harvests and all the after-effects of war, present droughts and last abnormal winter, was too real and urgent to admit of delay. Something in the nature of lease-lend and on a very large scale, for one year certain, was what he believed the President would press for. Whether or no Britain is one of the European countries which he had in mind, was not stated. In large degree, assistance to one is assistance to all. The worst enemy of order and recovery is starvation and misery, and wherever these can be kept at bay, the political forces which are purely subversive and destructive may be held in check. Europe faces a terrible winter. Something on a large scale must be done before it begins, and there is no country capable of doing it save America.

Shelved.—The Security Council of the U.N. has for a third time failed to reach a decision on the Anglo-Egyptian dispute. The question is now shelved. It "remains on the agenda." Anyone who troubled to study the proceedings under M. Gromyko's chairmanship at this third attempt must have been appalled at the hollowness and futility of the proceedings. This Council does not pretend to act as a body examining evidence with a view to making a recommendation based on justice or even expediency, in the light of past facts, present facts and signed treaties and documents. Its representatives appear to speak and act quite openly as though their function was to further what seems to their Governments the greatest good for their own nations. Some work and vote in blocs, some individually, but all seem to make their own interests, political or ideological, their first concern. The *facts* of the case at issue, justice between the parties concerned in it, the documents in the case . . . none of these things seems to play any part in the deliberations of most of the representatives on the Council. Small wonder if some of us feel that U.N. is a flop, the Security Council a farce, and that nothing stands between the lions and the lambs but the temporary fatigue of the former.

The Lords Carry On.—No doubt it was only a gesture; the Government spokesmen in the Lords were not likely to give chapter-and-verse answers to the questions put by Lord Swinton and other Opposition speakers as to Government policy and progress in meeting the crisis. But if ever there was a vital moment for Parliament to be in more or less constant session, it was in September 1947; and the Government saw to it that the House of Commons was *not* in session. It is horribly unsatisfactory that the few vague statements of Government intentions should be made to the T.U.C. or bodies of workers, and not to the body which represents the nation. It is worse than unsatisfactory. It is catastrophic. For in making nonsense of Parliamentary Government, it sabotages all hopes of a united effort. Half the nation is treated as outside the pale for consultation, information and co-operation. Half the nation is regarded by the Government as disfranchised and unimportant. For these reasons, the gesture of the Upper House is both important for record and worthy of recording.

Drought Breaks.—I left the Highlands on September 9 in a "whole watter" deluge—the first rain which had fallen in Nairn for practically two months. I came home to Sussex to find that .01 in. of rain had fallen on my garden between August 2 and September 10, and the effect of this drought beggared description. The lawn looked like scorched toast, the rarer rhodos were wilted leafless or dead; the kitchen garden was like the Culbin sands after the great disaster. A few withered tops of cabbage showed through the dust. Indeed, our hopes and labours are all in vain, and only a bumper potato and tomato crop remain to reward so much effort. As for the plums, gages, figs, peaches, they all dried up and fell off, as did all too many of the Cox's oranges. The heaths and commons all round were blackened by fires, and even in the cultivated ground it was dangerous to light a cigarette, let alone burn refuse. Even the "green South Downs" were ablaze with fire on the evening of our return. But Nature recovers very quickly. A gentle rain fell last night and already there are signs of revival. I believe West Sussex farmers in the main have got in a fairly satisfactory and early harvest (in all the circumstances) and, if now they get a little rain for their roots, have no cause to complain. But I believe they have been hard pressed indeed to find feed for their cattle. No doubt we shall have a wet autumn and soon enough be complaining of the everlasting rain.

THE OLD STAGER

EVERY INDUSTRY IS GIVEN ITS TARGET: Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, addressing representatives of industry at the Central Hall, Westminster, where he explained the basis of Britain's revised export campaign

Two Vital London Meetings

SIR STAFFORD'S PLAN FOR BRITAIN

Mr. DALTON and Mr. SNYDER IN CONFERENCE

Sir Stafford Cripps, whose utterances have been notably consistent over the past two years and who has never concealed the austere implications of our trade figures, outlined at the Central Hall last week a clear-cut plan for raising the level of British exports to meet the emergency. As in the past there is to be an export target, but this is now sub-divided into separate targets for different industries. These targets must be reached in all instances, Sir Stafford declared, and the materials and labour will be made available to the industries concerned. The new drive will be guided by a committee headed by Mr. Harold Wilson, Secretary of Overseas Trade. The effect at home of these targets must be to reduce our standards. Export industries must have sufficient coal, "even if it means going short elsewhere," and the 250,000 tons of steel needed for export must, of course, come off home consumption.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND AND THE WORLD BANK: Mr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presiding at the meeting in Great George Street. On the extreme left of the group is Mr. John McCloy, President of the Bank, and on the extreme right is Mr. C. Gutt, managing director of the International Monetary Fund. Flanking Mr. Dalton are the respective secretaries of the Bank and the International Monetary Fund. *Inset on left*—**Mr. Dalton (seated) talking with Mr. John Snyder, Secretary of the U.S. Treasury**

Certain countries of key importance in world economy are rapidly running out of exchange resources. That is the hard, incapable fact facing the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and the point was made very plain at the second annual meeting presided over by Mr. Dalton. We now know that the problem is deeper and more difficult than we envisaged at Bretton Woods, declared Mr. Dalton, and he then expressed the hope that by its activities in the fields of reconstruction and development the World Bank might help to stave off the economic disasters confronting so many member nations. Mr. Dalton gave it as his view that few nations in Europe could go unaided the whole way along the road to recovery. A message of good wishes for the conference was sent by Mr. Attlee. The Premier urged the vital importance of the Bank and Fund at a moment of world-wide shortages

VENICE HOLDS ITS GONDOLA REGATTA

A Popular Annual Event on the Grand Canal

The great annual festival in Venice, and one of the most colourful in all Italy, is the regatta held on the second Sunday in September on the Grand Canal. The regatta originated some time in the thirteenth century when the ruling Doge, gazing in admiration on the long file of colourfully-draped gondolas streaming across the bay to the Lido, on the Feast of the Assumption, decided that a feast day should be held essentially on behalf of the gondoliers. The name "regatta," it may be noted, is derived from the word "riga," meaning a file. For the regatta on the Grand Canal the gondoliers put on their finest costumes, decorate their gondolas and pass in a long file in front of the specially-erected platform accommodating the leading dignitaries. After this initial procession the gondoliers group their craft according to size and type, and each section then races down the length of the canal, the winners receiving their prizes from the hands of "the fairest lady present." The first three prizes are flags, and the fourth is a suckling pig

VENICE EN FÊTE—GAY SCENES BENEATH THE RIALTO BRIDGE DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE ANNUAL GONDOLA REGATTA: All sorts of craft crowded the Grand Canal, including one heavily-manned boat, which is seen in the immediate foreground, with its standing oarsmen. The centre of the Rialto provided an excellent grandstand for a few of the many thousands of spectators

THE GONDOLAS STREAM DOWN THE GRAND CANAL—ANOTHER PICTURESQUE SCENE ON THE CITY'S MAIN WATERWAY: The picture gives an excellent idea of the enormous crowds which thronged the banks for this annual event, which this year regained all the glamour of pre-war days. Following this procession the craft were organised into classes, according to size and type, and then took part in the usual races down to the sea

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ON THE BEACH AT BABBACOMBE—COMPETITORS PREPARE FOR THE 12-FT. NATIONAL DINGHY RACE FOR THE BABBACOMBE TROPHY: As the yachting season drew to an end, the dinghies were out in full force in Torbay, and in the Sir William Burton Cup there were actually sixty-one starters. By general agreement, it was one of the finest yachting spectacles seen in Torbay, and abundant evidence of the vast popularity of yacht-racing with smaller craft

THE DINGHIES WERE OUT IN FORCE

As the Regatta Season Drew to a Close

There was a time in the years before the war when yachting enthusiasts took the keenest pride in the achievements of the great "J"-class yachts, and the names of *Velsheda*, *Westward*, *Endeavour*, *Astra*, *Britannia* and *Shamrock* were on the lips of every follower of the sport. To-day yacht-racing is vastly changed, and many aver it has changed for the better. Most of the "J"-class boats are out of commission or at the shipbuilders; 1947 has been the season of the little ships, and the National 12-ft. Dinghy Class has enjoyed bumper entries at nearly every regatta. It is a safe bet that in a petrol-less 1948 the popularity of small yacht-racing may be further evidenced, and that many a luxury motor-boat will find itself laid up. The sixty-one entries in the recent race for the Sir William Burton Cup in Torbay were certainly a clear indication of this new trend

THE CLOSE OF THE REGATTA SEASON ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: Competitors getting ready for the start of the All-Comers' Race for the Horning Challenge Cup at Horning. There were forty starters in the race, the last big event of the year in Broadland. August and September, on the whole, provided some fine sailing weather, although one or two regattas were marred by well-nigh completely windless days. On several occasions courses had to be shortened

THE MINER'S LIFE ON STRIKE

Scenes in Grimethorpe, Monk Bretton, and Royston, in the Idle Yorkshire Coalfield

All Britain knows the dire political and economic issues of the South Yorkshire coal strike; how the loss of 500,000 tons or more of precious coal can paralyse industry at a moment when every ton counts. There is another side to the story, however, and on these pages we show the impact of the strike on the lives of the men, women and children of the strike towns in the South Yorkshire coalfield, showing their daily preoccupations during the days of idleness and waiting—days punctuated by meetings, with attendant appeals from the miners' leaders, and by heated arguments in the public squares as the men discuss the pros and cons of a situation which, after a number of weeks, was bidding fair to hold the whole nation to ransom. In some ways it is a grim and sordid picture, and it is not difficult to understand how embitterment can take root in such surroundings.

AFTER THE MEETING IN THE ROCK CINEMA: The miners of Grimethorpe, focal point of the South Yorkshire coal strike, gather in one of the public squares at Cudworth, near Barnsley, to discuss the appeal made by their leaders at the meeting. While other pits wavered, the Grimethorpe men remained adamant, and at the end of four weeks they still announced their determination not to work the new "stint." Finally they decided to go back to work at a mass meeting on September 11

THE SUN-BATHERS OF ROYSTON: These men from the Monkton Pit came out in sympathy with their colleagues at Grimethorpe. Most of them have been living on their ample savings, and there would appear to have been little hardship

GRIM-FACED UNION OFFICIALS STRIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF CUDWORTH: They were on their way to address one of the innumerable meetings calling upon the men to go back to work pending further consultations on the new "stint." The men of Grimethorpe have more than once turned angrily on their union officials, showing evidence of a mood of deep embitterment. They feel they are misunderstood

ALL READY TO STRIKE UP: Miners from Grimethorpe Colliery arriving at Belle Vue, Manchester, to take part in the annual Brass Band Championship. When this picture was taken the men of Grimethorpe had been on strike a month. Many of their fellow-strikers accompanied the band on the trip to Manchester

STREET CORNER INDABA: The miner is lamp-post-minded, and likes to stand at the kerbside discussing the pros and cons of the situation. Such groups as this have been an everyday feature at every street corner in the coalfield

FOR THE WOMENFOLK, AS EVER, IT IS JUST A MATTER OF WAITING: If the men are adamant, their wives support them, but all the same, after four weeks of no wage-packets, they wait a trifle anxiously outside the meeting-hall to know if the strike is to continue

M FELLOWS VOICES HIS OPINION: Jim, like many a mining man, squats on his haunches at the street corner. A scene in the strike town of Royston, near Monkton Pit

IN A MINING HOME AT MONK BRETTON: Round the table are Ivy Green, Mrs. Violet Green, her son, Arnold Green, eleven years a miner, and the lodger, Jack Land, also a miner. There is no need to conjecture what they are talking about. It has been the same round every tea-table in South Yorkshire for weeks past. Most of the miners are living on their savings, but the married colliers can claim relief for their wives and their children—15s. for the wife and 7s. for a child

THE WHIPPET IS THE MINER'S FRIEND AND SOMETIMES A SOURCE OF POCKET-MONEY: J. Smale and T. Cassidy, two Grimethorpe miners, walking in the vicinity of the idle pit when exercising their whippets. The dogs are entered in the week-end coursing meeting, which is sure to attract a bumper crowd

WATCHING CRICKET PROVIDES A PASTIME FOR THE STRIKERS: These men from Grimethorpe and South Kirby spent an afternoon at the match at Hoensworth. After a month of being on strike and of incessant appeals from their leaders, they enjoyed a day in the country. Meanwhile, the nation pondered on the implications of lost production

THE INDIAN HOLOCAUST

HINDUS AND SIKHS WHO FLED FROM PAKISTAN BY SHIP: Crowding the rails of the British-India liner "Dwarka" when they docked in Bombay after the voyage from Karachi. Nearly 700 escaped from the Muslim massacres in this ship

WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARRIVE SAFE AND SOUND IN BOMBAY: Hindu-Sikh refugees seen at the docks after the liner "Dwarka" came in from Karachi. Meanwhile tens of thousands of their co-religionists have perished at the hands of the Muslim cut-throats, just as tens of thousands of Muslims in Eastern Punjab have perished at the hands of the Hindus and Sikhs. No one knows the total death-roll, but it has been estimated as in the region of 200,000. More than 1,000,000 men, women and children have been on the move in the Punjab

AN AGED MUSLIM CLINGS TO THE CROSS-BEAM OF AN OX-CART: A pitiful scene in East Punjab as this refugee sought to escape into Pakistan. His chances were slender indeed, as the Sikh Jathas were roaming across the countryside dealing death and destruction with their sabres upon every Muslim who happened to lie along their path

MAHATMA GANDHI AT THE END OF HIS FAST: The Mahatma engaged in writing an article for the Press. Beside his couch is his personal physician, Dr. Mehta, who watched over him during the period when he went without food. Gandhi began the fast during the recent riots in Calcutta, and only desisted when the riots finally stopped

THE PARIS WORKERS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE REDUCED BREAD RATION: They marched through the streets shouting "Resign, Ramadier!", "Wheat for the workers, maize for the Zazous!", and other slogans. Meanwhile token strikes stopped buses, taxis and the underground railway. Paris was cut off by telephone from the rest of France. Zazous are the French equivalent of "spivs." M. Ramadier's Government has since this demonstration won its fifth vote of confidence, but owing to the number of abstentions, it was more in the nature of a defeat. The Cabinet will be free from Parliamentary worries until November 13, the Assembly having gone into recess

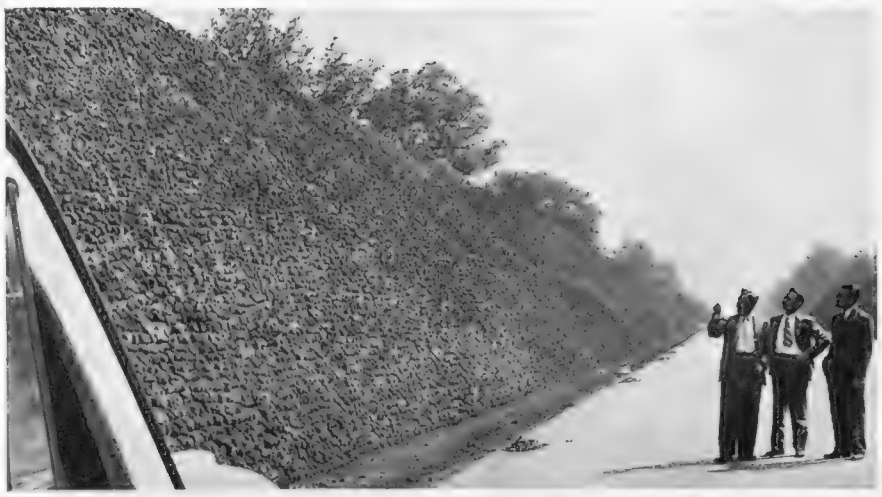
FROM BOMBAY TO NEW YORK

A World News Survey in Pictures

AUSTRIA'S EX-CHANCELLOR ARRIVES IN AMERICA: Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg with his wife, the former Countess Vera Fugger, and their six-year-old daughter Cissy on arrival in New York aboard the liner "Saturnia." The ex-Chancellor described himself as "a refugee," "a displaced person," and declared that he and his family hoped to live a quiet life in the United States. Dr. Schuschnigg still bears the marks of the suffering he endured in a concentration camp. Since the war he has spent some time in Italy recuperating

A MASS PROTEST IN THE STREETS OF MILAN: Citizens from Venice, Padua, Lodi, and Cremona taking part in the demonstration by relatives of Italian prisoners of war. They claim that 600,000 Italians are still in Russian hands, and they are urging the Italian Government to take immediate action in the matter

"AT NO TIME ARE THE RUSSIANS MORE FEARED IN BERLIN THAN WHEN THEY ARE BEHIND THE STEERING-WHEEL": This typical example of Berlin humour has more than a germ of grim truth, as witness these pictures taken when a Russian-driven Opel car crashed into a three-wheeler market van in the British zone of the city. The driver of the three-wheeler suffered from shock and three broken ribs. The epauletted young Russians did not seem to know quite what to do. Their main anxiety was to get away, said one eye-witness. Most Russians drive madly through the city, ignoring traffic regulations, including stop signs, and this particular accident is only one of many which have taken place recently



FOR PEAT'S SAKE!—THREE VISITORS TO PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, INSPECT THE 20-FT. WALL OF PEAT STORED AGAINST THE COMING COLD : Warned by the intense cold and fuel shortage of last winter, Eire is hurrying to get ready for the next winter by building up her peat and wood stocks and by importing, for the first time in her history, considerable quantities of American coal to replace that which Britain is unable to send. Peat (called "turf" by the Irish) has always been the main form of fuel in Southern Ireland, and Phœnix Park is now the country's greatest concentration-point for next winter's battle

THE POPE ADDRESSES 250,000 PEOPLE IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE : Standing on a dais before his gold throne, Pope Pius told members of the Catholic Action League, gathered in Rome for their Convention, and other citizens who assembled to hear him, that the time for reflection is past. "The position of the Church is menaced," he declared, "and we need action now because the opposing fronts in the religious and moral fields are becoming ever more clearly defined." The Catholic Action League is one of the Vatican's main weapons in the now mounting struggle to resist the growth of Communism in Italy

EGYPTIAN POLICE MAKE A BATON CHARGE AT SHUBRA KHEIMA : They were taking action against textile mill strikers who were threatening to march into the centre of Cairo. The strikers came out in sympathy when the mills at Mehlala el Kobra started the strike. At Mehlala Egyptian troops killed three workers and injured twenty-two when preventing the strikers from setting fire to the mill compound. The whole affair has greatly disturbed the Egyptian Government, and momentarily has drawn attention away from the Anglo-Egyptian dispute

THE POPE IS BORNE THROUGH ST. PETER'S SQUARE : His Holiness blessing the throng after he had spoken on the threat to the Church to members of the assembled Catholic Action League. At the same time the Pope has been receiving leading American Baptists in audience, the subject of their conversations being "the grave position of the Christian world confronted with the menace of Communism." His Holiness has also exchanged telegrams with President Truman on the same subject

PRAGUE IN A TURMOIL AT THE THREAT OF A PROPERTY TAX : An animated crowd in front of a Communist Party headquarters in the Czech capital following the announcement that the Czech Communists had submitted to the Government an audacious proposal for a special tax on all owners of property valued at 8,000 dollars or more. The non-Communist members of the Czech Parliament rejected the proposition, but it has caused much uneasiness among the moneyed classes. Meanwhile, Czechoslovakia is pushing ahead with her two-year plan, and she is making marked industrial progress from her strategic position on the fringe of the Iron Curtain. Her factory organisation is reported to be first-class

MIDNIGHT MASS AMID THE RUINS OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA : One of the great events of the congress in Rome of the Catholic Action League

A PRIEST HEARS CONFESSION IN THE ARENA : An unusual picture taken at the Midnight Mass for members of the Catholic Action League in the Baths of Caracalla. It was estimated that 100,000 members of the League gathered for the Convention

DENIS COMPTON, STAR BATSMAN OF THE 1947 CRICKET SEASON : Compton's genius with the bat has done more than anything else to make the season memorable. His stroke play is truly astonishing, and to see him striding a third the way down the pitch to meet the ball and smother the break, placing the ball neatly through the slips a moment after a fielder has been moved in position, or hooking vigorously to leg is to see the game of cricket at its most exhilarating

COMPTON'S WONDER YEAR

How He Surpassed the Batting Records of Hobbs and Tom Hayward

In this cricketing season Denis Compton, of Middlesex and England, has had more superlatives lavished upon his cricket than any player of modern times. His record-breaking has been no slavish seeking after runs, but a glorious, sometimes abandoned, but usually brilliantly-controlled effort. In 108 minutes of superb batting he scored 101 in the match between the South Africans and the South of England, becoming the first man to hit seventeen centuries in a single season of first-class cricket. Before he went in to bat Compton said: "If the runs come, well and good, but this is a festival match, and I am going to have a bang." He did, hitting nine fours in his first fifty. It was not quite the same a few days later when passing Hayward's record, for the bowlers kept Compton tied down; but Compton is never dull, and, like his twin run-getter Edrich, the game is played in the best spirit, with ideas of self well and truly in the background. This year Compton and Edrich have given exhibitions of run-getting almost beyond belief, but, despite the recent records, Middlesex followers will probably remember with most pleasure the hurricane 67 which the "terrible pair" scored in twenty minutes to win the match against Leicester with five minutes to spare

DENIS COMPTON ACKNOWLEDGES THE APPLAUSE : The Middlesex batsman seen at Hastings where, in playing for Sir Pelham Warner's Eleven, he brought his aggregate runs for the season to 3,570, and thus surpassed the long-standing record of Tom Hayward, made by the Surrey batsman in 1906, when he scored 3,518 runs. Only a few days before the Hastings triumph Compton had beaten Hobbs' record of sixteen centuries in a season, a record that has stood since 1925

COMPTON DRIVES LAKER TO THE LEG BOUNDARY—A FINE ACTION STUDY DURING THE MATCH AT HASTINGS BETWEEN SIR PELHAM WARNER'S ELEVEN AND THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND : It was in this match that Compton, with two scores in the eighties, passed the Tom Hayward aggregate and set the seal on his cricketing fame

THE RIVAL ORATORS

—Or, Opposing Factions at the Housewives' League Meeting at the Central Hall

A MUCH-PUBLICISED TRIO AND THEIR FIGHT FOR PLATFORM PRIORITY : Mrs. Helen Hart (left), who was elected treasurer of the British Housewives' League last March and suspended by the executive in August, seen at last week's stormy meeting of the League at Central Hall, Westminster, when she attempted to state her case. Mrs. Lovelock, the president of the League, covered the microphone with her right hand to prevent Mrs. Hart being heard. On the right is the secretary, Miss Crisp, who, acting as chairman, spoke for five hours. When Mrs. Hart did get a hearing she accused Miss Crisp of "selling the League to the Road Haulage Association"

MRS. GILL, WITH THE AID OF A MEGAPHONE, WAS UNOFFICIAL LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION : Here she is exhorting her supporters in the British Housewives' League to call for a proxy vote on one of the issues before the League. Mrs. Gill kept up an almost uninterrupted barrage against Miss Crisp. At one time she rushed the platform and grabbed the microphone, only to be repulsed by the committee

MRS. LOVELOCK AND MRS. GILL IN A WORDY ARGUMENT : The president bends over from the rostrum to reason with the leader of the opposition. On the right is Miss Crisp in full possession of the mike, and in the background, with hand raised, is the fighting Mrs. Hart

"The hand that rocks the cradle" is the hand that rules the world, and last week it certainly rocked Westminster's Central Hall when the good ladies of the British Housewives' League held another of their stormy meetings. To explain the whole tangled skein of political and financial arrangements made by the League would be outside the province of a mere male. What all the row was about we may never know, for Mrs. Gill, with her megaphone, led the opposition to Miss Crisp so effectively that she drowned all human speech. Mrs. Hart, a fighting figure of a housewife if ever there was one, did win control of the mike at one period, and, with two associates spurring her on, she yelled above the storm, "I do not know where half the cheques came or went, and I am the treasurer." Mrs. Hart then made further allegations about money matters in the League, and declared that two sets of books had been kept. With that there was uproar, and then somebody dragged away the flex joining the mike to the battery. Further meetings are promised later on.

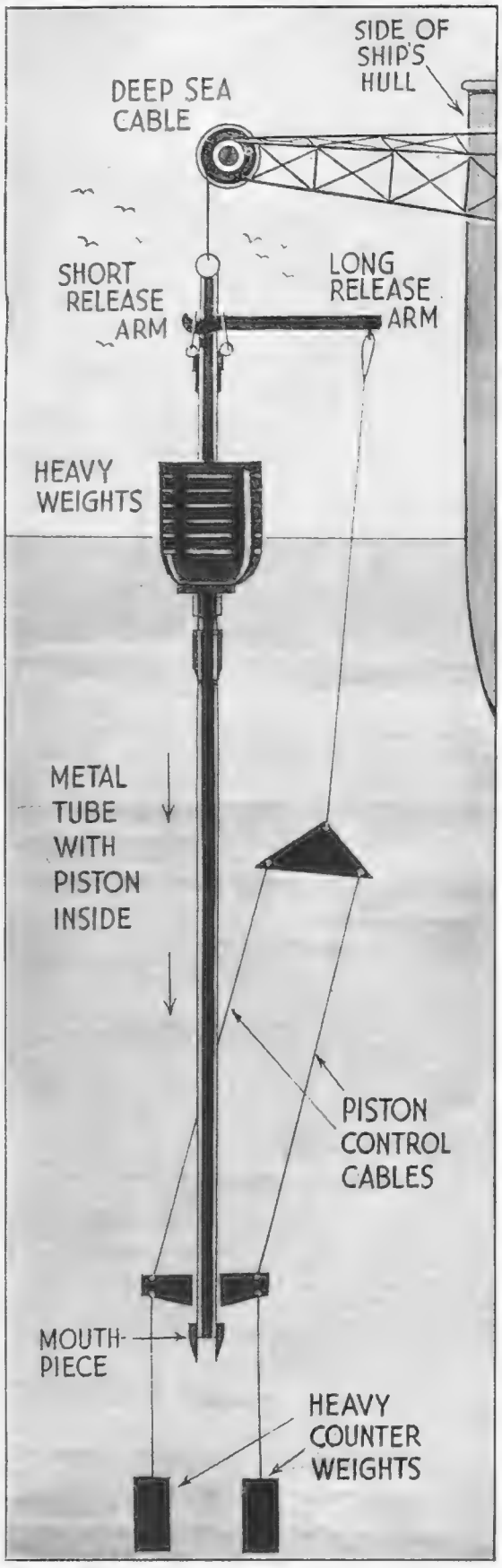
MRS. HELEN HART HOLDS ALOFT THE HOLY SCRIPTURES : "Miss Crisp wants to get into Parliament and she's using us," shouted the ex-treasurer as she referred to the conditions of the League's finances. The Bible was employed to lend force to her arguments

PROMPTED BY MRS. COX AND MRS. BLOYCE : Mrs. Hart, the suspended treasurer, stating her case when she at length got a hearing. Her denunciation of Miss Crisp had the whole place in an uproar

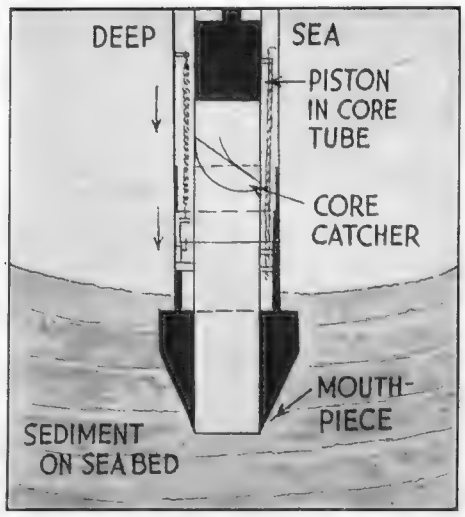
NOW, NOW, MRS. COX! Miss Dorothy Crisp, who acted as chairman of the disorderly meeting, thwarts a bid from Mrs. Cox to seize possession of the microphone. Mrs. Cox was a supporter of the suspended treasurer, Mrs. Hart

THE SCHOONER "ALBATROSS" PROBES THE MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS

A World Voyage by a Swedish Expedition Which is Expected to Reveal Remarkable Data—The Piston Core Sampler in Action

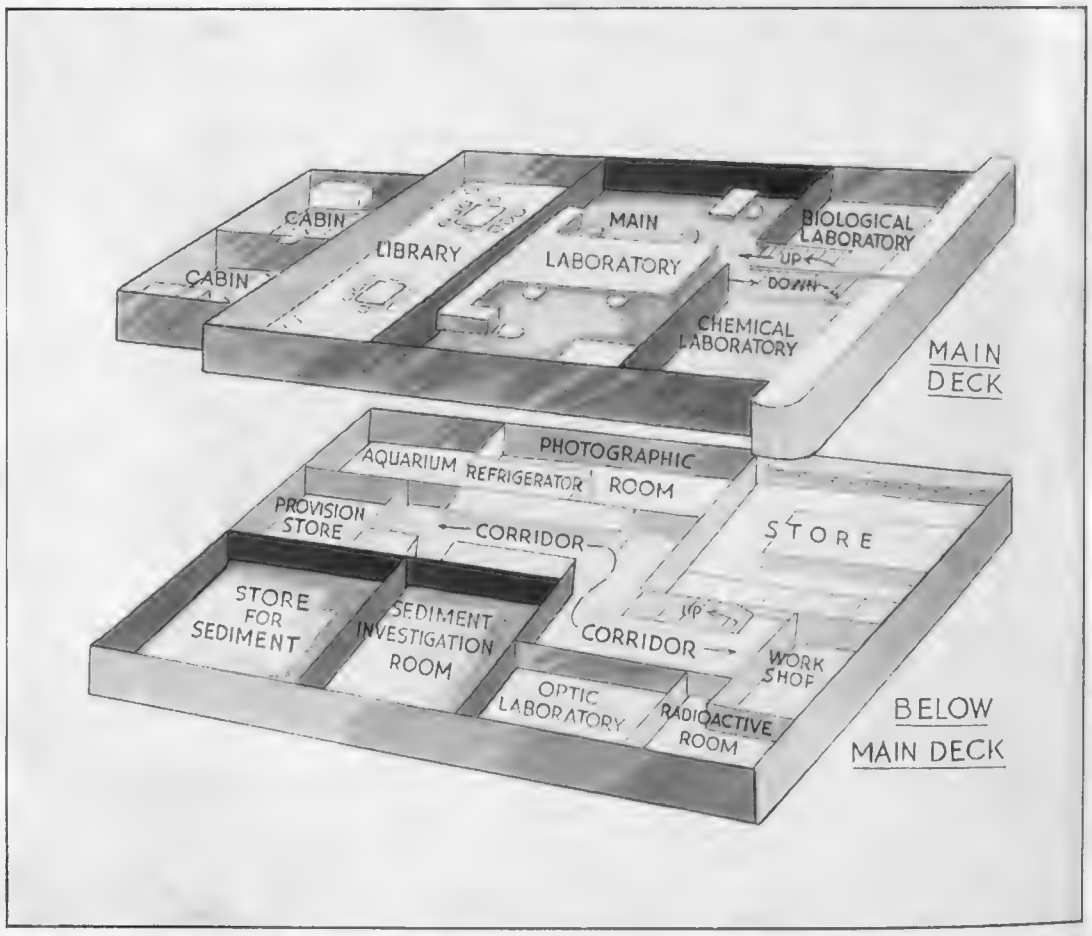


THE PISTON CORE SAMPLER IN ACTION : A diagrammatic drawing of the type of equipment being used by the scientists of the Swedish schooner "Albatross," who are now engaged on a world voyage in the course of which they are taking numerous samples of the sedimentary layers in the ocean bed, samples which will add to a vast degree to our at present scanty oceanographic knowledge. The piston core sampler illustrated here was developed by the Swedes in 1942. The principle is that the core sampler is lowered over the ship's side. The high water-pressure at great depths is then utilised to force the sediment column upwards inside a coring tube pressed down into the deposit by heavy weights. As a result of these methods, it is possible to raise to the surface a sediment core of 50 ft. or more, the layers taking us back millions of years to the Pliocene Age



PENETRATING THE SEDIMENT OF THE OCEAN BED : A diagrammatic drawing of the mouthpiece of the piston core sampler used by the "Albatross" as it plunges into the sedimentary layers of the ocean bed. A core catcher is installed in the upper part of the mouthpiece to prevent the 50-ft. core from falling out of the tube when it is withdrawn

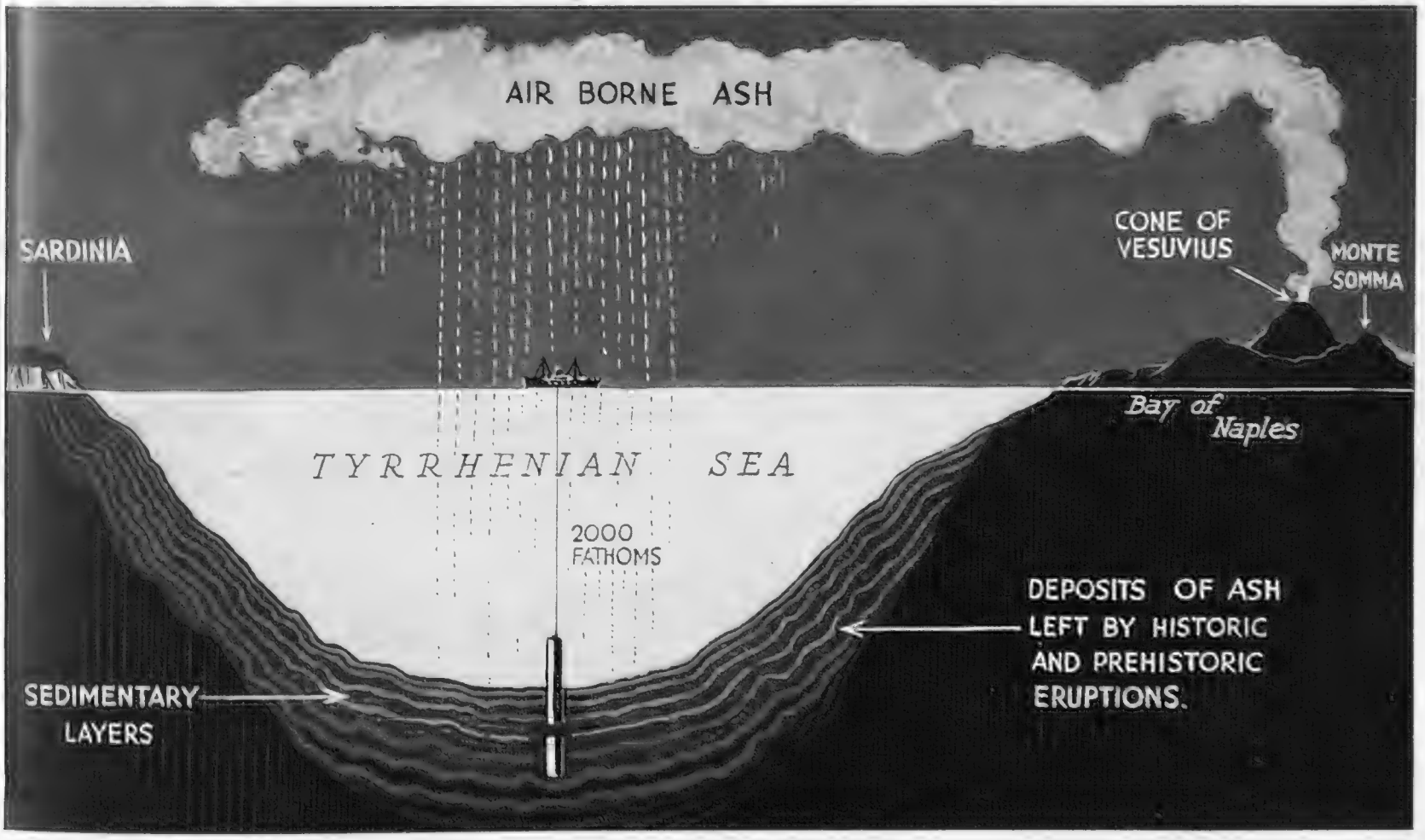
Students of geology have unravelled a great deal of the past history of the earth, but our knowledge of the ocean depths is limited in the extreme, thousands of fathoms of water acting as a natural barrier between the oceanographer and the sedimentary deposits on the ocean floor which have remained undisturbed through millions of years. In the past numerous attempts have been made to pursue these studies through the development of coring apparatus, and in the war years Swedish scientists developed equipment, known as the piston core sampler, which could remove sedimentary cores of 50 ft. and more. A Swedish expedition is now engaged in using this apparatus, and only recently its members left Goteborg, Sweden, in the specially equipped schooner *Albatross*. Professor Hans Petterson is the leader of these Swedish oceanographers, and in his latest report from Martinique he declares that seven cores have already been taken at depths between 2,500 and 3,000 fathoms. Most of the cores are nearly 50 ft. long, and several of them consist of the typical abyssal sediment. They are estimated to reach back to the Tertiary Age, 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 years ago. At the time of writing the *Albatross* is on its way through the Panama, and will soon be in the region of the Galapagos Islands. Scientists are awaiting with the keenest anticipation further news from this elaborately organised expedition

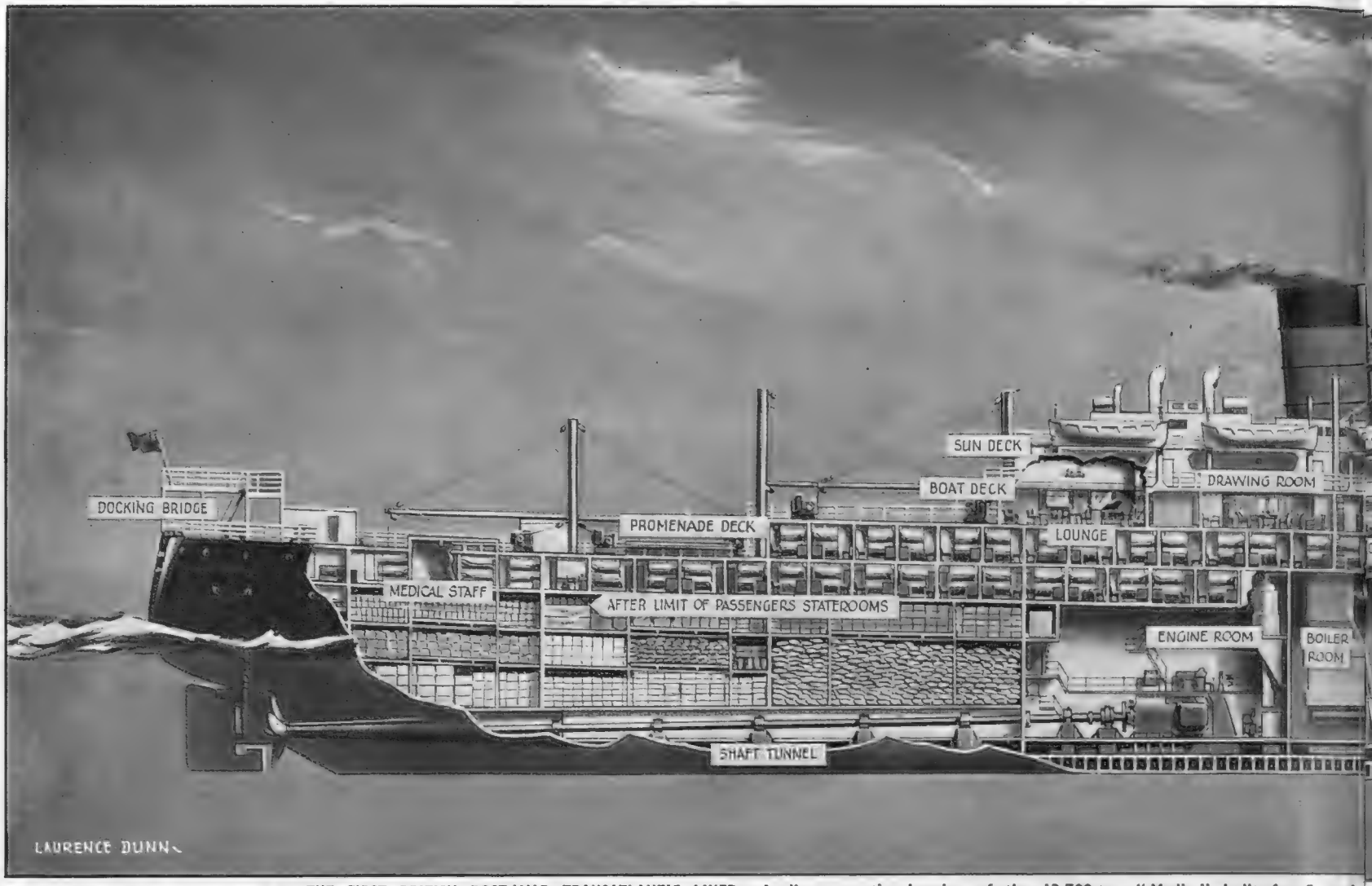


HOW THE "ALBATROSS" IS FITTED UP FOR HER OCEANOGRAPHICAL SURVEY WORK : A sectional view of the accommodation aboard the schooner, which is really a floating laboratory. Two big cabins have been set aside for the storing and inspecting of the cores taken from the ocean bed. As some of these cores may be as much as 70 ft. long, the accommodation problem will be readily understood

On right—**THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE "ALBATROSS" :** A drawing illustrative of the vessel's preliminary expedition in 1946, when core samplings were taken from the Tyrrhenian Sea, the cores being between 20 ft. and 50 ft. long. The samples provided a unique record of the successive volcanic ash deposits from eruptions of Vesuvius and its predecessor Mount Somma

THE SCHOONER "ALBATROSS" AT THE START OF HER REMARKABLE VOYAGE OF OCEANOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY: An artist's impression of the vessel which is now engaged in studying the ocean bed and its deposits, using the piston core sampler, the echograph and other elaborate instruments. The "Albatross," lent by the Bostrom shipping combine of Goteborg, left Sweden on July 4 with a party of scientists headed by Professor Hans Petterson. The first port of call was Oporto, the second Funchal, Madeira, and the third St. Pierre, Martinique. After that the route lay through the Panama to the region of the Galapagos Islands, and the "Albatross" will soon be taking soundings in the broad expanses of the Pacific Ocean—*From a painting specially done for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson*



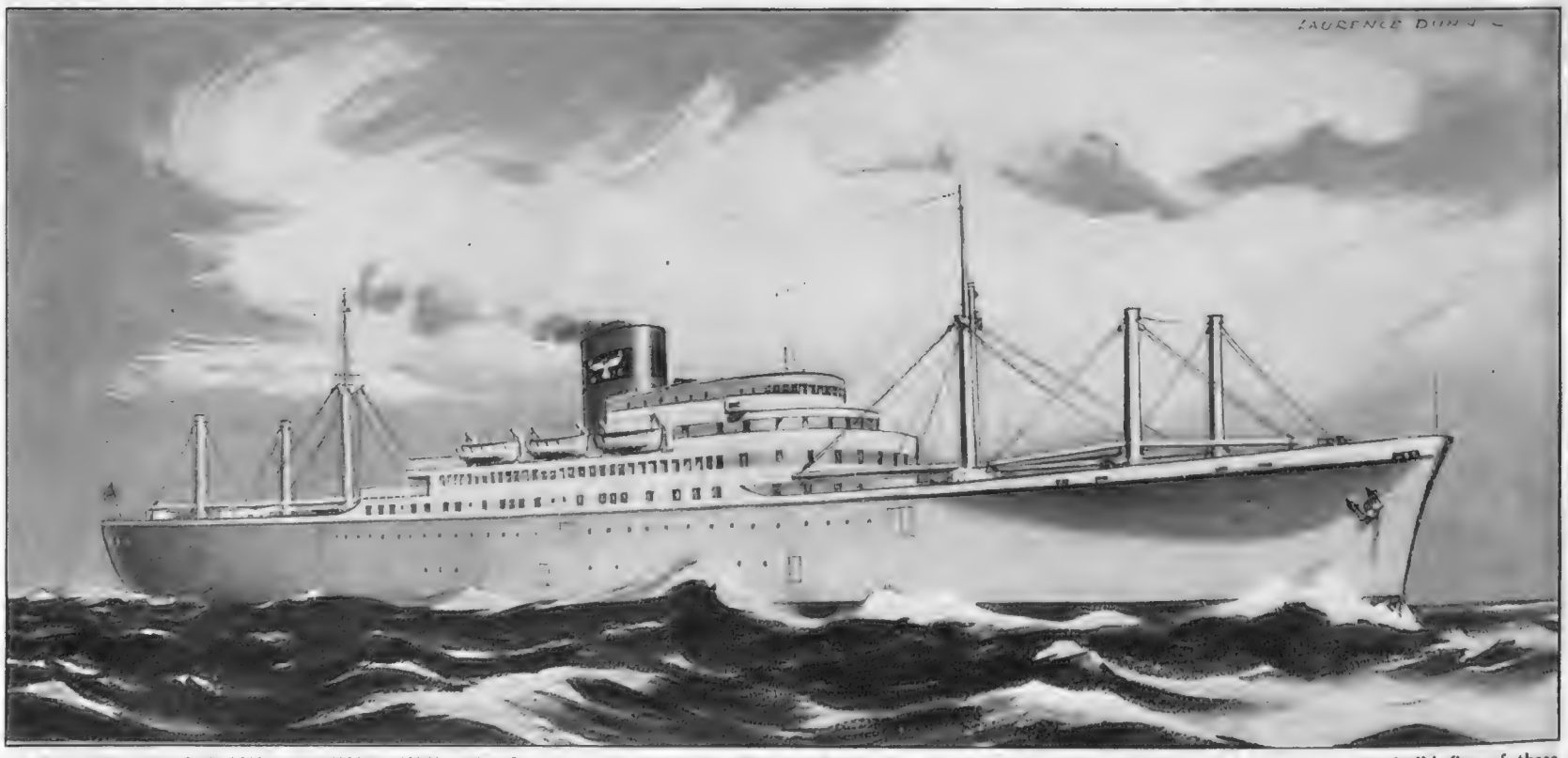


THE FIRST BRITISH POST-WAR TRANSATLANTIC LINER: A diagrammatic drawing of the 13,700-ton "Media," built for Cunard-White Star at John Brown's, Clydebank, and engaged since last month, when she made her maiden voyage, on the New York-Liverpool run. The "Media" is typical of the modern trend in big-ship construction, having accommodation for about 250 passengers in one class and space for about 7,000 tons of general cargo. This cargo-passenger ratio is clear evidence that the big shipping companies are looking ahead to the not-far-distant future when aerial competition will be even stronger. The "Media" has a speed of 17 knots and makes the Atlantic voyage in seven days—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

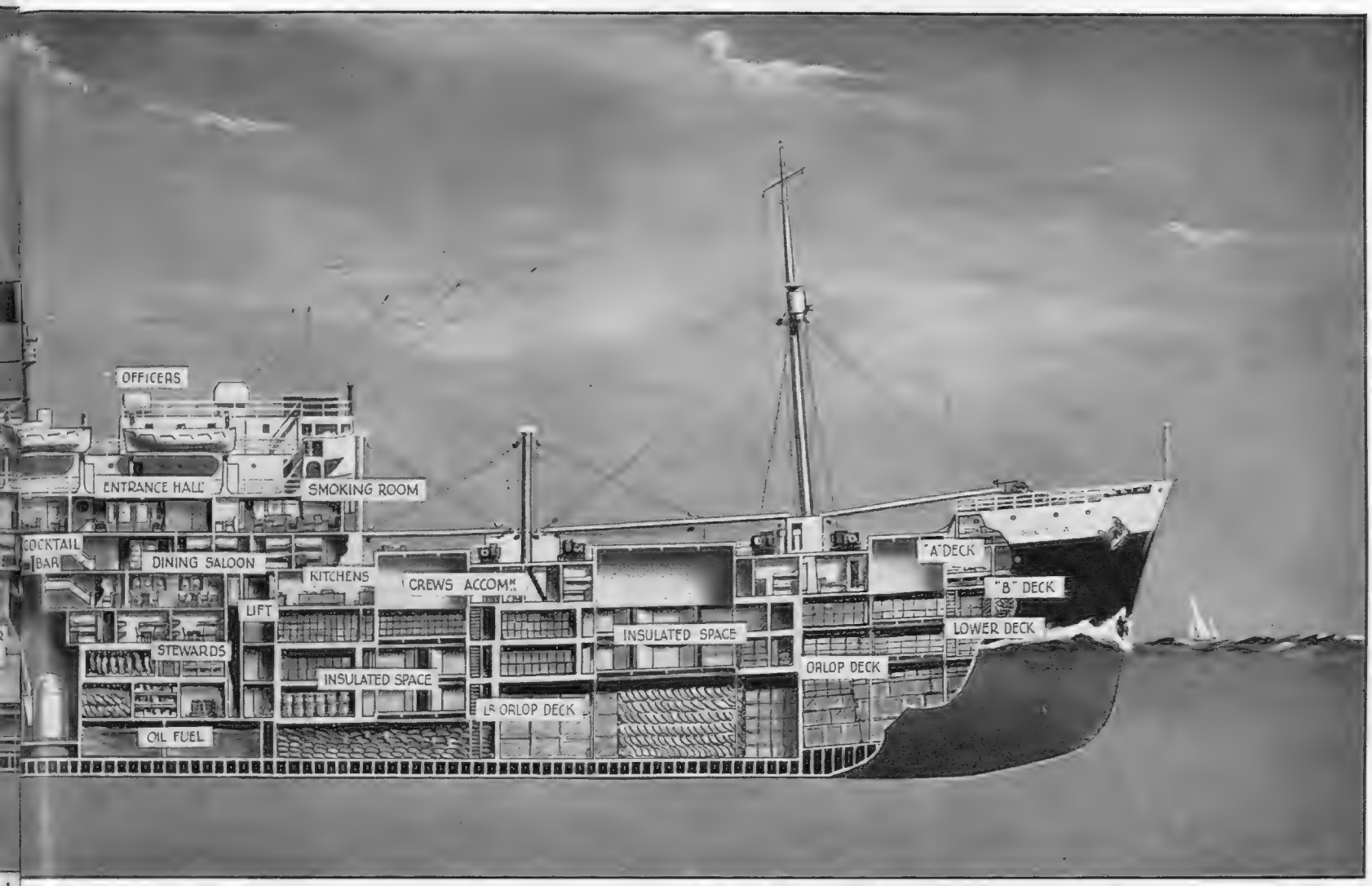
BRITAIN AND AMERICA BUILD NEW CARGO-PASSENGER LINERS

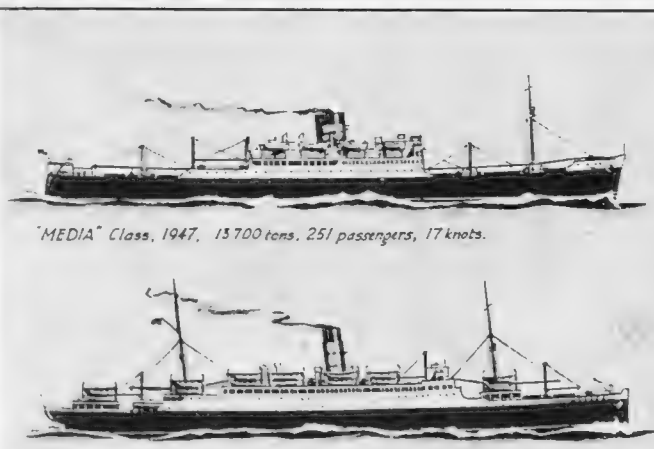
The Modern Trend in Big-Ship Construction

Will the aeroplane oust the passenger liner and the freighter from the seven seas? No shipping man really thinks there is any immediate danger of this, but none the less it is a question that has occupied their minds ever since Bleriot flew the English Channel. Their attitude in the past has been one of watchful caution, and now, with aerial services widely established over the Western Ocean, it has given place to a new policy in merchant-ship construction. Most of the big companies have decided that the cargo-passenger liner is the ideal vessel during this interim period of aerial development, and the new 13,700-ton Cunard-White Star cargo liner *Media* is typical of this trend. She carries her 251 passengers at moderate speed (17 knots) and with every comfort, and packed away in her holds are 7,000 tons of highly payable general cargo. The American President Line is planning cargo-passenger liners on very much the same lines. In THE SPHERE of September 6 readers may recall a reference to the *Athenic*, one of the new Shaw-Savill vessels of 15,300 tons which can carry 85 passengers and 13,000 tons of cargo. The *Loch Avon* and the *Salamanca* are two other new vessels, but their cargo-passenger ratio is rather more in line with Scandinavian practice in the years before the war, both ships taking only twelve passengers. The *Media* will shortly be joined on the Atlantic run by her sister-ship, the *Parthia*, which is now completing at Belfast. There are also other Cunarders on the stocks or projected, including the 30,000-ton *Caronia*, which is about to be launched by Princess Elizabeth. The *Caronia*, however, could not be described as belonging to the new cargo-passenger type



A NEW TYPE FOR AMERICA'S MERCHANT NAVY: The American President Line, whose fleet suffered very heavily during the war, are planning to build five of these passenger and cargo liners for their round-the-world service. Tenders have been called for and are to be opened this month. These ships, which are in many ways comparable to the Cunard-White Star "Media," will replace five President liners of slightly smaller tonnage which were taken over by the U.S. Navy soon after Pearl Harbour and not returned, and they will operate alongside the surviving "President Monroe" and "President Polk." The new liners will accommodate 189 first-class passengers, besides having space for some 11,000 tons of cargo. Their speed is to be 19 knots. Although their length will be 2 ft. greater and their breadth 3 ft. greater than that of "Media," their gross tonnage works out at about 2,000 tons less—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*





THE "MEDIA" AND HER PREDECESSOR: A silhouette of the new Cunard-White Star liner which carries 251 passengers and has, in addition, space for 7,000 tons of general cargo. The old "Media," built in 1922, carried 1,350 passengers and a strictly limited cargo—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

A NEW ADDITION TO THE ROYAL MAIL FLEET: The S.S. "Loch Avon," a vessel of 8,700 tons, is equipped to trade in refrigerated cargo between the Pacific coast of North America and British ports. She was recently completed at Belfast by Harland and Wolff. She has accommodation for twelve passengers, eight in single-berth cabins and four in double-berth cabins. Her sister-ship, the "Loch Garth," was completed last May

THE LAUNCH OF THE M.V. "SALAMANCA": This new cargo liner, seen entering the water at Harland and Wolff's Belfast yards, is the latest of a series for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The "Salamanca," which will trade with the west coast of South America, is of the fast cargo-passenger type. Like the "Loch Avon," she will carry twelve passengers. The "Salamanca" represented the ninth major launch of the year from the Harland and Wolff yard

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS—A WORLD WAR MURAL TO BE PRESERVED IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE: This picture was painted on the wall of a farm building at Kesgrave by an airman stationed at Martlesham Aerodrome, near Ipswich. Farmers in the area have decided to preserve this mural from the weather and to maintain it as a permanent memorial to the United States Army Air Force in England. It is thought highly probable that the artist is Sergeant Irvin A. Smith, who comes from Washington, District of Columbia

THE RENEWAL OF THE HISTORIC ENTENTE CORDIALE: M. Massigli (left), the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Mr. Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, seen in Mr. Bevin's room at the Foreign Office where they formally ratified the Treaty of Dunkirk which they signed earlier in the year at the port of Dunkirk. Mr. Bevin said that the Treaty represented the culmination of Anglo-French co-operation which began in 1906 and had continued through two world wars, during which understanding and collaboration had increased. "This Treaty," he declared, "says to Germany that if there is a resurgence of militarism or any attempt to dominate us again you will know in advance that France and Britain will be found side by side"

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A FAREWELL SALUTE IN THE NORTH SEA: Captain Bruce, R.N., the Rev. Chadd, Chaplain, R.N., and other members of the funeral party during the ceremony aboard H.M.S. "Whirlwind" when the ashes of the late Vice-Admiral A. C. Bruce were committed to the sea while on passage to Scapa Flow. Admiral Bruce, who retired in 1923, was at one time in charge of all coastguard personnel of the North of Scotland area. During the First World War, he served in command of a destroyer flotilla, and he was the Senior Naval Officer in the ill-starred Archangel expedition

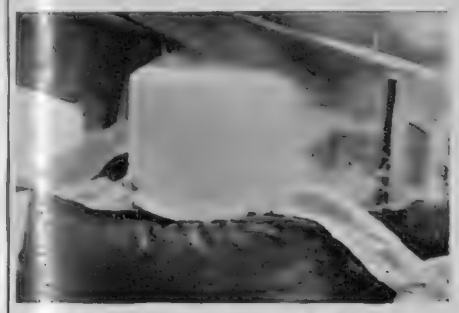
MEN OF THE AMERICAN LEGION MARCH THROUGH LONDON: A party of Legionaries, some of them wearing the Legion's cap, arriving in Whitehall with their flags unfurled. They marched to the base of the Cenotaph and there laid wreaths on the memorial. The Legionaries, who are on a holiday visit to this country, have been much in the news of late. They recently held their annual convention in New York, with the usual junketings to mark the occasion. The guest of honour was General Eisenhower, whom many Legionaries are trying to urge as a Presidential candidate

A NEW HOUSING ESTATE IN THE MAKING—WALLS GOING UP ON THE WOODBERRY DOWN SITE IN SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, NORTH LONDON, WHERE 1,764 DWELLINGS, COMPRISING BOTH FLATS AND COTTAGES, ARE TO BE ERECTED IN AN AREA OF JUST UNDER 45 ACRES: The estate will have two schools, a library, a public house, fourteen shops, social and medical centres, and children's playgrounds. A feature of the flats will be the provision of passenger lifts for the tenants. Lifts are regarded as a long overdue necessity in working-class flats. During the days of the wartime black-out there were many accidents on the dark exterior stairways of London flats, particularly among the older people. The provision of lifts does not add measurably to the cost of a well-planned building

THE HORN DANCERS OF ABBOTS BROMLEY : Dancing on the lawns of Blithfield Hall, the home of Lord Bagot. Celebrated annually on the Monday following Wakes Sunday—that is, on the Monday following September 4—the Horn Dance of Abbots Bromley, near Stafford, has its origin shrouded in mystery. Some say that it commemorates the granting of hunting privileges in Needwood Forest when the people of Abbots Bromley were granted their Charter de Foresta following Magna Carta. Others maintain that its origin dates back much farther, and that the dance is a thankful expression for success in the chase. The horns used in the Abbots Bromley dance are very old reindeer mounted on heads crudely carved from wood, the heaviest of which weighs 25½ lbs. There are now twelve characters in the dance, the six bearing the horns being the horn dancers proper; then there are hobby horse, Maid Marian, the Fool in Motley, a lad with a bow, another with a triangle, and, of course, the musician

IT 'S AN OLD TIVERTON CUSTOM : Mr. G. Physick, Bailiff of the Hundred, reading the proclamation at the leat on Norwood Common, Tiverton. Accompanied by a party known as the Pioneers, the Mayor and townspeople walked through the streets of the town and over the moors visiting the seven sources of Tiverton's water supply. At each point the proclamation was read, and the Pioneers, with pick, shovel, crow-bar, hook and saw, removed obstructions from the stream-bed. The custom dates back to the time of Countess Isabella de Fortibus, who gave the townsfolk of Tiverton a free source of water

THE FIRST EXPORT OF BRITISH SHEEP TO THE AZORES : Two Lincoln shearling ewes and a prize ram. The ewes belong to Mr. George Read, of Langton, Horncastle, and the prize ram to Mr. Ernest Addison (on the right in the picture above), of Riby Grange Farm



A BLOCK OF "DRY ICE" : Solidified carbon-dioxide being stowed in an aircraft before being flown over the Midlands in an attempt to induce rain. Three aircraft operated by Airwork Ltd. were used in the experiment, and they flew a distance of 300 miles in an attempt to find the right kind of cloud for the experiment. Eventually 2 cwt. of dry ice was dropped on a strato-cumulus cloud but with no appreciable effect. In both Australia and the United States similar experiments have been outstandingly successful during periods of drought

FLYING BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND READING ON A RAIN-MAKING TRIP : One of the aircraft used by Airwork Ltd.

A NEW METHOD TO SPEED BRICKLAYING : Two young bricklayers who claim to lay at the rate of ten bricks a minute. The system, devised by Sydney Elliot, of Bexhill, took him seven years to perfect. "Choggy" Golding and Bill Farnfield, in the picture above, are said to have laid 4,869 bricks in an eight-and-a-half-hour day

THE ANNUAL SALE OF DARTMOOR PONIES : An animated scene at Princetown Fair during one of the big West Country auctions. Only recently the ponies were rounded up and, after some hard riding and keen struggles, they were brought in for "long lining." The breaking-in process once completed, the ponies are much in demand as mounts for children. Many of those sold at Princetown Fair were by no means broken in, and they will still require a lot of schooling before they are ready for riding and driving. Owing to the new petrol restrictions, pony prices in the West Country are rising steeply

THE STRANGE STORY OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL JONAS CERNIUS : The former Prime Minister of Lithuania seen with his wife and seventeen-year-old son at the Ministry of Labour Camp for European Voluntary Workers at Bedhampton, Hants. He now has a Ministry of Labour card recording his mechanical and linguistic abilities, and, together with thousands of other European displaced persons, he is being trained for work in industry and agriculture. Before he became Premier of Lithuania in 1939, General Cernius was Chief of the General Staff of the Lithuanian Army for four years

THE SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: The museum, which has been closed since 1940, is once again open to the public. The house and its contents, the product of Sir John Soane's genius as an art collector, were presented to the nation two years before his death in 1837. The greatest feature of the museum is the Hogarth collection

THE LIBRARY AND THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SOANE MUSEUM JUST AS THEY WERE IN THE DAYS OF SIR JOHN SOANE: Over the fireplace is the portrait of Soane by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was almost the last picture painted by that artist. The library-table of walnut belonged to Sir Robert Walpole

The SOANE MUSEUM REOPENS

The Progress of Canterbury's Restoration: Working on the Hampton Court Clock

Sir John Soane, the distinguished architect of the Bank of England, lived between 1753 and 1837. He was deeply attached to the classical tradition, and the museum which he established in his home in Lincoln's Inn Fields in large measure reflects that taste. It is good news for Londoners that this museum is now open again after the inevitable wartime closure, and also that regular opening times have been instituted through eleven months of the year. In the days before the war the public used to find the irregular schedule of opening rather hard to bear in mind. It used also to be a complaint that the splendid collection of paintings by Hogarth, the eight pictures of "The Rake's Progress," were so badly lit as to be hard to see. Experiments in better lighting have been in progress lately. A catalogue of the collections is also being undertaken by the curator, Mr. John Summerson. But as the museum contains 2,400 objects of art, apart from furniture and pictures, this will take some time. During the last six years of his life Soane devoted the greater part of his time to his museum home, and it remains substantially as he left it

BENEATH SIR JOHN SOANE'S DOME: Casts from Greek and Roman temples, portrait busts, and vases displayed beneath the bell window which Soane built in 1812 to show off his collection to better advantage. In the background is a bust of Soane by Sir Francis Chantrey

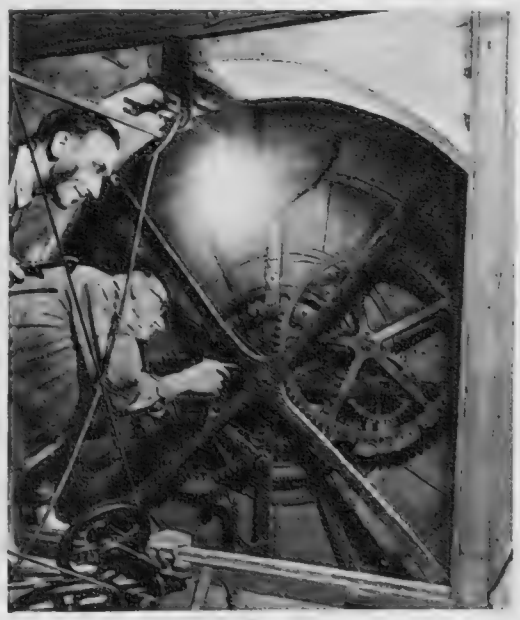
THE BREAKFAST PARLOUR WITH ITS SPHERICAL CEILING: The spandrels of the dome and the soffits of the arches are decorated with a number of mirrors, and in the dome itself is an octangular lantern light. Several Napoleonic relics of importance are to be seen in this room. One of them, a portrait showing Bonaparte in his twenty-eighth year, was painted at Verona by Francisco Goma

THE RESTORED FORRENS GATEWAY IN THE GREEN COURT AT CANTERBURY: An example of the progress that has been made in rebuilding the bomb-damaged area in the precincts of the Cathedral. In the background is the King's School Dining Hall, which has also been rebuilt. During the blitz on Canterbury, fifteen bombs fell in the area of the Cathedral, though the main structure escaped serious damage. Since the Cathedral appeal was launched in July of last year great progress has been made in restoration, but £100,000 is still required to complete the task

THE RESTORATION OF PRIOR CHILLENDEN'S CHAMBERS, CANTERBURY: This is now the residence of the Archdeacon. The whole of one wing has been given new brickwork and new roofing, following bomb-damage. Of the £200,000 contributed to the restoration of Canterbury, £124,000 was the gift of the American banker, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, as a tribute to British courage during the war

TENNYSON'S HASLEMERE HOME FOR SALE: Aldworth is at present owned by the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, and it is understood that it will shortly be disposed of by auction. It was built originally for the poet Tennyson, who laid out the terraced gardens and provided summer-houses commanding views of the Sussex Downs and Leith Hill. Aldworth is not so strongly identified with Tennyson as his other home, Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. It was at Farringford, "close to the ridge of a noble down," that the poet was able to escape many of the intrusions inevitable to a man of his considerable fame living within reach of London

RESTORING THE STEEPLE OF AN ANCIENT ESSEX CHURCH: Two London steeplejacks, who have lately been working on Nelson's Column, seen above Great Leighs Church, near Chelmsford. The cost of replacing the old oak shingles is over £700, and the rector of Great Leighs is organising tours of the Saxon church to raise funds



REPAIRING THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT HAMPTON COURT: *Left*—Removing the hands preparatory to regilding, and (*right*) preparing to remove the mechanism for general repair. *Extreme right*—The scaffolding surrounding the clock. The clock was installed by Henry VIII and is situated in the turret just below the belfry. The bells have also been under repair, and an artist's impression of the work in progress was given in "The Sphere" of September 6. During the re-hanging of the bells an almost indistinguishable founder's mark was observed on the two quarter bells. It has since been identified with the name of William Culverden

WHAT OF THE EXILED POLES IN BRITAIN?

The Majority Bear the Brunt of the Irregularities of the Few

By CHARLES GRAVES

DOTTED throughout the country, in Scotland, West Wales, the Midlands and Southern England, are a trifle over 83,000 Poles. Of these, 4,000 are recalcitrants, 800 being Poles who were forcibly conscripted into the German Army. These 4,000 have given a bad name to the remaining 79,000 because they not only refuse to join the Polish Resettlement Corps, but also object to being sent back to Poland. There they sit in their camps, two of which are in Scotland, drawing Army rations and Army pay and not doing a hand's turn of work. Not long ago there were 8,000 of them, but when 100 of the ringleaders were sent back to Germany and turned loose, half of them decided to think again and offered to work. Of the remaining 4,000, numbers are changing their minds every week. Their official reason for their peculiar behaviour is that they are afraid that they will lose Polish nationality if they sign any documents which can be construed as entering the service of a foreign Power, even in a civilian capacity. They are also afraid that their families in Poland may be persecuted. In any event, they do not wish to be under military discipline in peacetime two years after the war is over. Many of them still hope that Poland will rise against Russia within a year and obtain her independence, and are biding their time for this eventuality.

So much for the pig-headed recalcitrants. . . . The Polish Resettlement Corps, which now numbers 68,000, was started exactly a year ago, and since September 1946 over 34,000 have obtained useful employment in this country; the remainder, hoping earnestly to follow their example when their English has improved and the attitude of the Trades Unions towards the use of foreign labour has become less harsh. The Poles who join the P.R.C. and the P.R.C. (Royal Air Force) in fact enlisted for two years under British military discipline with the purpose of securing jobs, and with the provision that if they got one they would be put on the Special Reserve and be actually demobilised at some later date which has not yet been fixed—unless the jobs were overseas, in which case they are demobilised immediately.

THE HUNGARIAN ELECTIONS: Lajos Dinnyes, Prime Minister and leader of the Smallholders' Party, and his wife arrive to register their votes. His party recorded only 14·6 per cent. of the total votes as against 57 per cent. in the 1945 election

The officers and men are paid at the ordinary British Army rates until they secure jobs—when they receive the ordinary civilian wages. The monthly rate of job-finding, both through the Ministry of Labour and through private influence, has been stepped up from 1,700 jobs last January to 4,000 in August. Of the 34,000 now in civilian life, 5,000 are in agriculture; nearly 8,000 in the building and allied trades; nearly 5,000 are already in the coal-mines, with another 4,000 waiting to enter the coal-mines. Of these, 1,500 have passed their training course, and the remainder are in the process of passing it. Of the remaining 34,000 in P.R.C., which must not be confused with P.R.C. (R.A.F.), 70 per cent. are doing road-repairing, bridge-mending and harvesting jobs at ordinary Army rates. The men are given lessons in English three times a week. The officers, of whom there are 10,000, talk English six hours a day.

Officers and men are housed in ninety different hostels all over the country. Many of these are very primitive, and there is some anxiety about their being weather-proof this winter. Of the P.R.C. (R.A.F.), now 11,000 strong, 5,000 have been given temporary jobs with the R.A.F., and under a new arrangement a certain number of them are to be allowed to join the R.A.F. for normal professional service. Another 4,000 have already secured civilian jobs in coal-mining, agriculture, factory work and the building trades.

Many people will remember with gratitude and affection the 303 Squadron, which actually shot down more German aircraft during the Battle of Britain than any English squadron. The survivors are scattered all over the world, their commanding officer, Colonel Urbanowicz, being in the United States. Unfortunately, the quota for Polish emigrants to the United States is very small, and in spite of the 5,000,000 Poles of American extraction, nothing has been done to ease the situation of their former compatriots. Against this, Canada is welcoming them, and over 4,000 have already taken up residence.

THE HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST LEADER, MATTHIAS RAKOSI, AND HIS MONGOLIAN WIFE AT THE POLL: The election gave the Communist Party the greatest percentage of votes and saw the rise of a new opposition party, Mr. Barankovic's People's Democratic Party, to second place

So far, only 185 have gone to Australia, although the Polish authorities in London have done their best to persuade the Colonial Office that if the Empire is really going to be developed, the Poles would make good settlers. The Argentine and Brazil and the other South American republics have had the sense to realise this and many Poles have now got jobs there.

At the end of the war there were 190,000 Polish troops who had fought under British command outside Poland. Of these, nearly 100,000 came to England. The discrepancy between that figure and the present one of 82,000 being provided either by repatriation to Poland or by men going overseas to South America or the Dominions and Colonies.

Repatriation to Poland was at first viewed with great distrust by many Poles. This distrust has been proved to be largely justified. Through various unofficial sources it has been discovered that Polish troops returning home from this country are swiftly divided into three categories. The first are kept under surveillance for about six months, after which they are accepted by the authorities as having no animosity against the present regime in Poland. The second category are viewed with some suspicion for a far lengthier period. The third category disappear almost without trace. These are, in fact, the most patriotic Poles of all; those who were parachuted into Poland to aid the Underground Movement, and in some cases fought in the historic defence of Warsaw under the command of General Bor Komorowski, when they held up the Germans for sixty-three days until they ran out of ammunition. These officers and men are regarded as still being British agents, and are either shot or sent to Siberia within a very short time of their return. Incidentally, General Bor Komorowski survived his capture and is now in this country as a private citizen. General Anders, whose Army in Italy caused so much Russian and Polish resentment, is also in this country. He has a cottage just outside London, but devotes most of his time to welfare work for the Polish Resettlement Corps. The head of the latter is General Kopanski, who commanded the Polish Brigade in Tobruk, and ranks to-day as Inspector-General of the P.R.C.

Of the 80,000 Poles who fought under the British command outside Poland and did not come to England, the majority have returned to Poland, but some joined the Foreign Legion, while others went to the Argentine and Brazil, or settled down again in France—where there was a 500,000 Polish colony before the war. They do not really come into the scope of this article. But they serve as a reminder that 400 Polish soldiers and twenty Polish officers have enlisted as private soldiers in the British Army; while another 1,200 are doing a preliminary course with the same purpose in mind.

At the present rate of employment-finding, the vast bulk of the Polish Resettlement Corps will have found jobs by May of next year. It will be difficult, though, to find openings for the 4,000 professional Polish officers who have no civilian qualifications. Even the 6,000 officers who have civilian qualifications are not so easy to place as the men. It naturally takes a very long time for a foreigner to learn enough English to cope with the equivalent technical phrases in, let us say, engineering. Manual workers, of course, do not need to know much English to get on with the job, and as the Poles are maintaining their old reputation for being good workers, they are welcomed by employers who are short of labour. Many of the officers are experts in forestry. Three of them have the Warsaw Academy Degree of Forestry, speak good English, and seem eminently suitable for forestry work in the Dominions. But so far they are jobless, though many of the men have rapidly secured forestry jobs of the manual type in this country.

Outside the Polish Resettlement Corps are the 23,000 dependants of the officers and men. Most of them are women and children, several of the former getting jobs in textile factories to help out the Army allowances as wives of soldiers.

Every army, of course, has its deserters. The last official record of the British Army was that over 20,000 men were not accounted for. The highest number of Polish deserters was recorded in November 1945, when over 1,200 were absent without leave. As for misdemeanours, which include Army offences punished by military discipline in the camps, including the four containing the recalcitrants, there were only thirty-nine in July and thirty-five in August.

That, then, is the position of the 83,000 Polish troops in this country. None of them in the Polish Resettlement Corps is doing any military work, though the men who have not yet secured civilian jobs wear uniform all the time. Officers are allowed to wear plain clothes, if only to protect themselves from occasional abuse and questions as to why they do not go home from strangers only conversant with the stories they hear about the 4,000 recalcitrants. These insults must be very painful to officers and men who risked their lives under the British flag, and particularly to those survivors of 303 Squadron who are still in this country.

I gather that the Scots, who saw so much of the Poles during their training between Dunkirk and D-Day, are much more friendly than the Welsh or English. . . .

A FORMER NAZI OFFICIAL CLEANS THE DISFIGURED MONUMENT TO THE "VICTIMS OF FASCISM" IN BERLIN: That Nazism is not dead in Germany has been instanced in a hundred-and-one occurrences since the war. One of the latest acts was to besmirch the monument set up to commemorate the millions of Europeans who suffered at the hands of the Nazis. Germans known to have been active Party officials were set to clean it up, and the one in the photograph above appears to be making no attempt to hide his identity

SCULPTURAL TREASURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Two Busts and a Magnificent Symbolical Group are Placed on Exhibition

LOUIS XV AS APOLLO: This striking terra-cotta bust has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is the work of Lambert Sigisbert Adam, a French sculptor from Lorraine who flourished in the first half of the eighteenth century. The King is shown wearing on his right shoulder the sun device of Apollo

On left—This terra-cotta bust of Louis XV found its way to London during the period of the French Revolution, when so many objects of personal property were brought over by wealthy refugees from Paris. It has remained in London since that period, and has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, who regard the bust as one of their finest possessions in the sculptural section of the Museum. The work is by Lambert Sigisbert Adam (born 1700, died 1759). He was a French sculptor who came from Lorraine and settled in Paris. He became one of the Royal sculptors, and was responsible for a number of outdoor groups which were set up in the Royal parks. These sculptors were attached to the Court and were usually given apartments in the Louvre. They were in receipt of a number of perquisites, but they were not in receipt of a salary, and only received payment for works executed and approved. Their bills were often unpaid for years. It was the custom for the sculptor to make a terra-cotta model of a portrait bust of this description, and on this occasion the King was represented as Apollo, it being the fashion then to represent monarchs as classical deities. A marble version of this bust was carried out, but it is evidenced from correspondence in the State Archives Department of Paris that the statue was not approved by the King, and Adam received no money for his work. The terra-cotta model is a magnificent effort in the Baroque style. The King is wearing the sun device of the god Apollo on his right shoulder, and a laurel wreath encircles the magnificently-treated hair. The folds of the robe are also treated with a fine freedom. The date of the bust is probably about 1741, and it was in all probability the model exhibited in the Salon of 1745. The portrait is not unlike the King, but it may be described as somewhat flattering.

Below—The symbolical group by Etienne Maurice Falconet, showing Love being crowned by Fidelity, is now being prepared for exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The subtle grace of the group bears witness to the versatility of Falconet, for he is chiefly known for his bold equestrian statue of Peter the Great. A little study of this group shows the cleverness of the sculptor and his knowledge of the human form. This is evident in the right elbow of Fidelity, and the subtle indication of muscle beneath the surface flesh. Falconet's reserve power is plain to see in the treatment of the hair of both figures; the faces, too, are not conventionalised. Both Love and Fidelity are real persons. Falconet worked in close touch with the Court of Louis XV and in the style of decorative sculpture so much in favour during that monarch's reign. Born in 1716, the sculptor outlived his age, dying in 1791

On left—
"MR. BAKER," BY BERNINI: This marble bust, now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, has for long been regarded as an outstanding example of the work of Giovanni Bernini, the foremost Baroque sculptor of the seventeenth century. It is held to have been executed about 1638, when Bernini was achieving a vast reputation both as a portraitist and as a builder of palaces. The bust is known simply as "Mr. Baker," and it has been called thus ever since 1680, when it was in the possession of Sir Peter Lely. It is known that the mysterious Mr. Baker was engaged in the negotiations with Bernini for a bust of King Charles I, and that he went to Rome for this purpose. There appears in Bernini's papers a reference to a Tomaso Baccero, possibly an Italianised version of Baker. Certainly Mr. Baker was in Bernini's studio in Rome in regard to the question of this Royal commission. He was evidently in touch with the Court in some way

"LOVE CROWNED BY FIDELITY": This symbolical group by Etienne Maurice Falconet is about to be placed on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Falconet worked in the decorative style of the reign of Louis XV

New Lamps and Old

LET US STEM THE GADARENE RUSH

Some Thoughts on the Robot Tendencies of the Times. By JOHN GORE

"DON'T BE AFRAID TO SAY SO."—During much of my youth—when I lived on my emotions and drew heavily on those reserves—I suffered a great deal of mental anguish from a tendency to blush physically and mentally for extravagant expressions in my conversation and letters emotionally induced.

A beautiful view, a play which touched me, a sentimental air which affected me sentimentally, a kind action done to me—any of these called forth from me a response in words which were no doubt hasty, too much coloured and too warm, and unlikely to stand examination in the cool and critical light of reality and proportion that comes with second thoughts. For such expressions I suffered the torments of the damned and I can still feel, if I now smile at, the wounds. For as a man grows old, his egotism usually shrinks and he comes to see himself no longer as a colossus striding his narrow world, but as one small ant in a colossal ant-hill.

But this attribute of youth—the importance of oneself—does not always induce those emotional expressions of appreciation.

We are most of us, young or old, still very ill-educated, very unskilled in self-expression, and, for the most part, outwardly at least, insensitive and, broadly, moral cowards.

We are driven to our views on current matters by a mass propaganda crudely conducted by pundits singularly ill-equipped for the job, materially-minded men, politically biased or commercially-minded; narrow, shallow individuals who know the price but never the value of things, and every process of Government, from education to the minutest regulations and supervisions of bureaucracy, combine to hasten the process of turning us into a nation of robots, whether at work or in what is called recreation.

When I read my "cheaper" Sunday or daily paper, listen to the lighter features of the B.B.C., or visit once a year the cinema, I observe how tremendous is the influence on our lives and opinions of facile slogans, of slick labels, and of potted popular knowledge. Every one of them is less than a half-truth, and more damnably misleading and dangerous than a deliberate lie. For they are clever enough to deceive, to impress and to gain the trust of the ignorant, and everyone undermines by a little more the individual's foundation of self-determination, his power to dig out knowledge for himself and to form an individual judgment in the light of his own reasoning power and experience.

When I coolly consider this frightful process, which the Government encourages and which commercial and industrial interests prosecute ever more strenuously, I come to view my youthful blushes more charitably and to judge my wounds as honourable scars.

For indeed the charge is not exaggerated which nowadays is brought against mankind by such writers as C. S. Lewis (whose style of writing always brings home to me my own lack of education, since I follow his arguments like a man reading a foreign treatise with a dictionary beside him). Mankind has long been a race of blockheads, and the process of total conversion to robotism is being stepped up by the inventions of science.

I see it clearer to-day. Instead of blushing for my hasty judgments in youth and ill-considered criticisms, instead of trembling for the badness of my taste, I should have plumed myself and given myself a new confidence in this proof of an uncommon virtue. I was one of a small band which possessed eyes which could see, ears which could hear, a tongue which could speak, a hand which could write, and the moral courage to use those qualities, even if I used them clumsily and foolishly.

"All Tastes Are Good."—I was a free man, not a slave, an individual, not a robot, a sentient being, not a blockhead. In a word, wrong-headed perhaps, but not blockheaded, blind, bound, deaf and dumb.

But my pillow-tortures were unjustifiable and foolish on other grounds than these. What I knew not then, but know now, is the essential truth of an old saw. *All tastes are good.* It has been expressed for centuries in many variations and tongues. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and so forth. And it needs only one qualification to establish its universal truth. All tastes are good, provided they are genuine. If the man who expresses a taste is his natural self, and is not aping a "culture," which he vaguely believes to exist and assumes to be an eternal, unvarying yardstick, his opinion deserves commendation, or at least respect.

There is no eternal yardstick. The experts "sky the Gainsboroughs to show the Winterhalters," and then the Gainsboroughs come down again. The Winterhalters come in with a roar, fade out and return again. The best-seller is lauded to the skies and soon forgotten. Trollope is successively a popular novelist, a back-number, a pigmy and a giant. And the art expert is a crowned magician or an exposed Bode. Who was it the other day who mass-produced Vermeer?

Why, then, should I blush to have once been so moved by the Barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann* or a sentimental air from Gilbert and Sullivan?

Why should you blush to have set on your chimney-piece a "Present from Margate," if it recalled to you a happy holiday?

Of all the intellectual groups, the art experts are most like to a flock of sheep. Frightened men, going always in dread of the wolf of discovery, running this way and that, ever ready to bolt to cover. They present a bold front only to the absurdly diffident, the totally tongue-tied, the entirely moral cowards.

Over these poor creatures the experts, the highbrows, the intellectuals, can no doubt exercise a freezing superiority only equalled by the young pink-coated hunting-set at an Edwardian Hunt Ball in the shires *vis-à-vis* a black-coated stranger. But any one of us who retains a grain of moral courage, a sense of humour, a decent memory and a moderate independence of judgment, can afford to laugh at their shifts and nerves.

In a word, my advice to the young or the diffident is based on experience over half a century. Have the courage of your convictions and never fear to express them. And if a sunset or a song or a symphony moves you, say so openly in the first words which spring from your heart, even though "lovely," "pretty" or "jolly" be the best adjective you can find to express your feelings.

You may not be adding to the sum of human knowledge, you may not be writing "literature," but you will be doing a signal service to humanity in stemming the Gadarene rush to total robotism and 100 per cent. blockheadedness. You will have added a touch of colour to our landscape which grows ever more drab.

I remember that twice in my life I saw from the train the Pass of Killiecrankie in its finest evening glory in late September. The sight almost choked me, brought tears to my eyes. On each occasion I had a companion who was unmoved, uninterested, blind to the sight and deaf to my ravings. One was reading Edgar Wallace, the other the *Financial Times*. I could have murdered them both—worthy men as they were.

A DAY ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

ON THE FLOOR OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE: Jobbers and brokers at work under the great dome. Of recent weeks the Exchange has been the scene of unusual summer activity, with industrial prices tending to fall heavily

A STOCK EXCHANGE "WAITER": From his rostrum he receives urgent messages for brokers and calls their names across the floor

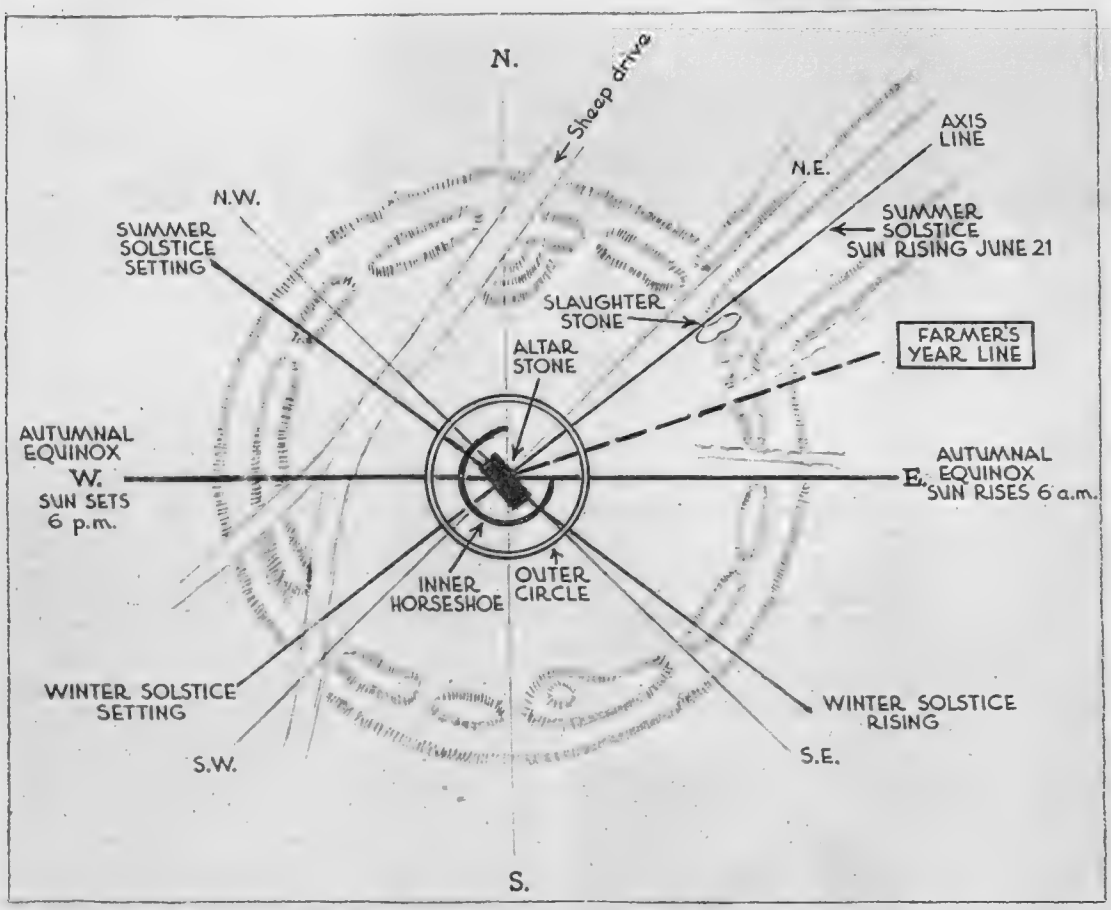
DEALING IN FULL SWING: A general view of the floor of the Stock Exchange at the height of the day's business

THE STOCK EXCHANGE WAR MEMORIAL: This alcove commemorates the men of the "House" who gave their lives in the First World War

The Stock Exchange has been called some hard names, and there is no doubt that this hive of activity has sometimes to bear the brunt of one man's irresponsibility, hence the periodic charge that it is nothing more than a glorified casino. On the whole, however, it plays a vital part in the regulation of the investment affairs of the nation, and particularly in the proper launching of new ventures. Sometimes there are slip-ups, as witness the St. Helena affair, when the public certainly came off second best; but the committee is rigid in its rulings and stern in its treatment of those who transgress. The pictures on this page show the daily, almost humdrum, life of the "House" as the jobbers deal with the brokers, who are themselves executing the orders of the public. During the recent recession, resulting from the coal strike, jobbers were quoting many shares markedly wide in the hope of restricting sales and of preventing a heavy fall in values

WAS STONEHENGE THE FARMERS' CALENDAR?

Sir Norman Lockyer's Theory of One Function of Solstitial Temples



A PLAN OF STONEHENGE SHOWING THE "FARMER'S YEAR" LINE BETWEEN THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX AND THE SUMMER SOLSTICE: On September 23, the sun rises from due east and, standing in the centre of the circle, a bearing on it would just clear the southern end of the inner horseshoe

A WINTER SUN SETS BEHIND STONEHENGE: The great stone on the right of the photograph was leaning dangerously until it was set upright in 1900

Stonehenge, the most important megalithic structure in Britain, is situated in the midst of an extensive group of prehistoric barrows of the Bronze Age. An interesting theory, linking solstitial temples with the "Farmer's Year," was propounded by Sir Norman Lockyer, the eminent astronomer who died in 1920. He pointed out that "In a solstitial temple the sun only makes its appearance once a year, when it reaches its greatest 'north or south' declination: but in the temples dealing with lower declinations the sun appears twice, once on its journey from the summer to the winter solstice, and again on its return. It must be borne in mind that it is not merely a question of stately piles, but of the humblest dolmen or stone circle in scattered agricultural communities, which were as certainly used for orientation purposes—that is, for recording the return of some season of the year important to the tiller of the soil, the advent of which season could be announced to outlying districts by fire signals at night. With regard to the equinoctial year, the most complete account of the temple arrangements is to be found in Josephus touching that at Jerusalem. The temple had to be so erected that at the spring equinox the sunrise light should fall on, and be reflected to the worshippers by, the sardonyx stones on the high priest's garment. At this festival the first barley was laid upon the altar." In the diagram above the "Farmer's Year" line is shown between the autumnal equinox and the summer solstice lines, which would date it from May to August as the sun moved northwards and then southwards again. Stonehenge has been called a temple of the sun, a temple of serpent-worship, a shrine of Buddha, a planetarium, and a calendar in stone for measuring the solar year. It is probable that whatever its main purpose, it also performed the simpler function suggested by Sir Norman.

"STONEHENGE, WILTS"—FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY JOHN CONSTABLE: In this picture the leaning stone is shown before it had been set upright as in the picture above, right. It forms part of the inner horseshoe of blue-stone menhirs which at one time probably numbered nineteen, and which enclose the altar stone

THE OUTER CIRCLE OF STONEHENGE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST: It is composed of pillar stones of Tertiary sandstone at intervals of about 4 ft. It is 100 ft. across. Nine feet inside it is the inner circle of menhirs of diabase blue-stone

DAWN AT STONEHENGE: Each pillar stone has two tenons into which was mortised a continuously dovetailed architrave of horizontal cap-stones, 2 ft. 8 ins. high. Restoration work was carried out in 1900 and in 1921

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"SILVER NUTMEG": MORE HISTORY WITHOUT TEARS

An Historical Novel of Java Which Has All the Marks of a Best-Seller

THERE is a large section of the reading public who find historical novels irresistible. They do not, presumably, spend their spare time in the calm silences of public libraries, reading the relevant authorities and doing their own research. Probably because they have no time for it. Instead, they prefer the excellent method of History Without Tears, in which all the spade work has been done, and only the enjoyable process of digestion remains. In this way, in the past ten years, it has been possible to learn a good deal about South America, both from the point of view of the Copacabana or the Matto Grosso; about Newfoundland and Tasmania; about Australia which, for some reason, appeals more to novelists in the early and brutal stages of its settling; and at very considerable length about the American Civil War.

The phase or trend pursues its course, and this season we may learn about sixteenth-century Spanish colonisation of Guatemala, the seventeenth-century court of Boris Godounov, and a spice island in the Dutch East Indies in 1656. The novels which convey this information are more or less well documented, but among them there is one which seems to me outstanding, and that is Miss Norah Lofts' SILVER NUTMEG (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.); a story of life in the Javanese seas nearly 300 years ago, which has all the marks of a best-seller upon it, and richly deserves them.

This author's earlier books that I remember have been chiefly, and even memorably, about East Anglia, and the nineteenth-century hardships of farming there. Nothing could be more extravagantly contrasted than the present novel, which has all the richness and colour and exotic background which would have been unthinkable in the other books. The only common denominator might be said to be melodrama, which Miss Lofts recognises and subtly exploits even in the drabbest setting, and never more effectively than in the little island of Banda, where rich Dutch merchants built themselves marble houses, and where the native population was occasionally subdued but never entirely conquered.

In those days the principal export to Europe was the nutmeg, and it was one on which the trader might grow both rich and powerful. The northern countries of Europe were learning to appreciate the value of spices in their cooking to a degree that has never since been equalled, and this culinary fashion created a whole race of planters and traders, who lived to enjoy vast fortunes in the luxury that they could command at seven sailing months' time from the Channel and the North Sea.

Often such men would contract what were known as "glove marriages," by which, after correspondence with the parents of a chosen girl in Holland, they would submit to her a richly-embroidered glove as the token of their betrothal, and she would sail on the long voyage out to the unknown husband. This is the situation which Miss Lofts has chosen for the story of *Silver Nutmeg*, and I recommend the novel most enthusiastically to your attention.

ROYAL SPECTRE (Rich and Cowan. 9s. 6d.) is not in the same category, but it is a good, straightforward, swashbuckling tale of a young Englishman's adventures in Russia within a few decades of the same period. Mr. John Fitzgay tells a fast-moving story in spite of a literary ineptitude or two, and there is considerable excitement in his *imbroglio* of tsars and cardinals, illegitimate pages and beautiful English ladies—not to mention a treasure of fabulous jewels, whose glitter does nothing to slow up the story's pace.

Master John Dereham arrives in Moscow to take up an appointment as secretary to Sir Roger Truscott, only to find him dying as a result of torture ordained by the Tsar Boris. With his last words he vows the boy to vengeance, and by a fabulously lucky stroke John is engaged within a week to work directly for Boris, thereby gaining access to the most dreaded man in all the Russias. Subsequently his incentive to revenge is clouded by the introduction of two other issues: the discovery of a beautiful English girl, and the Pope's plot to destroy Boris and replace him with his own candidate.

There are also a lot or parcel of subsidiary and more or less sinister characters who complicate things a good deal further, but no student of this kind of fiction will be startled to hear that Master John Dereham wins both the lady and a safe passage back to his native Dorset.

THE NEWSPAPER "BOY": Old-timer Alfred Smith, eighty-three years old, is the village newspaper "boy" at White Notley, near Braintree, Essex. He meets the bus in the village every morning to get his bundle from the newsagent, and does the rounds to about forty houses. He has not missed a day's delivery in two years, and was on time through all the snow and floods of last winter

The third example of this kind of instructive fiction is Mr. H. R. Hays' THE TAKERS OF THE CITY (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.). This novel has exceptional interest for its setting alone, which is Guatemala in 1545, a time when the Spanish conquerors were beginning to feel the bitter difficulties of dealing with a subjected but still integrated race of people, whose will could be expressed in terms of violence and cruelty as great as their own.

The Indians who worked as slaves on the sugar plantations could themselves complain of great brutality in their handling and in their miserable existences under the Spanish overlords.

The better part, by far, of this book is the author's careful reconstruction of living conditions at that time, and this is genuinely interesting. Where he strays too far into the romantic, his writing is less convincing.

Mr. Victor Canning has written a post-war novel of a very different kind. It concerns an U.N.R.R.A. officer revisiting Florence, which he used to know before the war as a student, and finding in it little but nostalgia and memories of the three men friends he has lost during the war: two as soldiers who fell in the fighting, and one who turned traitor and had been reported killed in a raid on Hamburg.

THE CHASM (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.) is a thoughtful and essentially adult book, although the plot is one of adventure on simple and occasionally over-simplified lines. The Englishman, Burgess, decides to take a brief holiday up in the mountains near Florence, and chances upon a remote village, in which he is trapped for some time by the collapse of the only bridge across the ravine between it and the road down. In this place he finds Martel, the ex-friend turned Nazi propagandist, who has changed his name, his appearance, but not his ideology.

Burgess, who by this time has fallen in love with a girl in the village, tells him that he intends to denounce him to the British authorities as soon as he gets back to the city, and Martel, not surprisingly, decides to kill him, and to make the murder appear an accident. For days they meet and talk, each perfectly aware of the threat in the other, till the moment comes when Burgess can escape and Martel must make his attempt.

The climax is somehow not as exciting as it should be, and by no means the best thing about a novel which has many moments of real distinction.

In the footsteps of Doughty and Burton and Freya Stark, Mr. Raymond O'Shea has travelled in Arabia, and has written about it with no immense literary distinction but with sensitive insight, with imagination, with the eye of a trained observer and, best of all, with the ability to communicate his own interest and enthusiasm for the land and its people.

During the war, as an officer in the R.A.F., he commanded a peculiarly lonely post in the desert of South-Eastern Arabia, in the district known as the Trucial Oman Coast, and in THE SAND KINGS OF OMAN (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) he tells not only of the customs, appearance and industries of the inhabitants, but of his own life among them. This was perforce alien to their ways, and yet, because he travelled about as much as was possible to him, kept his eyes open and an alert mind active, he has been able to reproduce a picture which is both strange and memorable.

AN AMERICAN CAVALCADE

From Wilson to Roosevelt: 23 Years of History Told in Pictures

From the moment in 1918 when Woodrow Wilson, the spokesman of triumphant democracy, was acclaimed everywhere, except in his own country, as the great peacemaker, to the moment in 1941 when Franklin Roosevelt, next in the line of Democrats, led a United America into the Second World War, was as strange an era as America has ever known in its brief history. It saw in Harding, a President who went to an all but dishonoured grave; in Coolidge, the apostle of a seemingly unending age of prosperity; in Hoover, an able administrator engulfed in the years of financial disaster; and finally in Roosevelt, a much-hated but even more greatly-loved leader who, like Washington himself, stood head and shoulders above his countrymen, both in war and peace. So much for the Presidential aspect; but against that changing background, over that hectic span of twenty-three years, what exactly transpired? What was the over-all picture? In I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen help us to turn back the recent pages of history. In a series of 500 carefully-chosen pictures and drawings the compilers of this extraordinary catalogue sweep us through the "Tremendous Twenties" and the "Terrible Thirties." It is, at best, an exhilarating story, with Lindberg's Atlantic journey evidencing the extent to which hero-worship may go in a crownless State. At worst it is a sordid tale of a wild scramble for wealth, finding its nadir in the stock market crash of 1929, and in the exploits of Dillinger, "Legs" Diamond, "Dutch" Schultz, and Hauptmann. It is all there for us to see, with "Babe" Ruth, the "King of Swat," Rudolph Valentino, the "King of Swoon," Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo and Frank Sinatra thrown in to make good measure. Of America's virility the record leaves us in no doubt; of the measure of her maturity we can be rather less certain.

Perhaps it is not inappropriate to turn at once to a new novel about the early days in North America. It may lead us to the belief that America has indeed progressed, for all the faults inescapable in a young democracy, and that this progress, epitomised in the fact that people of so many nations are gathered in comparative harmony within one union, is one of the undeniable, proud facts of history. The book is WEST TO THE SETTING SUN (Macmillan. 9s.), and has as its theme the days of the frontier wars when the British and French vied with each other for control and the native Indians were frequently decimated and driven westward by the power of gunpowder. Harvey Chalmers tells his story well. It is a product of deep research, and one of the most vivid accounts of the American Revolutionary War ever written.

In Napoleonic days the British farmer made Britain self-supporting in food. When the industrial revolution came the land was neglected, and it has since never really regained its old prosperity, despite the exigencies of two world wars when our island was virtually besieged. This autumn the Government has great plans for the farming industry, some of them obviously highly practical, others less certain in their implications. It is well, then, for the layman to know at this juncture what the farmer is thinking, particularly the tenant or proprietor of a modest stake of 200 acres or less. In THE SMALL FARMER (Collins. 8s. 6d.), edited by H. J. Massingham, we are presented with a survey of the first importance, two of the outstanding chapters dealing with the Welsh sheep farmer and the Norfolk smallholder. Most of the writers are bitterly averse to "centralised monopoly production by mechanical means," "the tyranny of the machine." All are agreed that "back to the land" is more than ever the slogan for a struggling Britain, and that there, in our own soil, we may find the salvation that is as yet eluding us in the export field. The theory smacks perhaps of Pétainism, and the recipe for a defeated France in 1940, but none will gainsay that it carries with it a germ of truth for victorious Britain in 1947.

Country planning is headache enough, but possibly the urban equivalent arouses more controversy. Clive Entwistle has translated Le Corbusier's latest work, CONCERNING TOWN PLANNING (Architectural Press. 10s. 6d.). The book takes the form of a series of answers to controversial questions, and, although Le Corbusier deals essentially with the French scene, nothing that he has to say is without application in these islands. He asks us to forget the old patterns. "For 2,000 years towns have been constrained by military defences. To-day the aeroplane has annulled the wall." This, then, is our chance to become architecturally free, and Le Corbusier, as ever, is brimful of ideas in implementing that freedom.

Until the Soviet Revolution, Pushkin was idolised as one of the great figures of Russian literature. Possibly the praise was extravagant, for, with the exception of Eugène Onegin, his poems, if not imitations, were closely modelled on the work of Byron. As a prose-writer Pushkin showed both originality and marked dramatic power. His TALES OF BIELKIN (Lindsay Drummond. 5s.) are now republished in the Russian Literature Library. One of the best of them, "The Coffin-Maker," is a masterpiece of the macabre.

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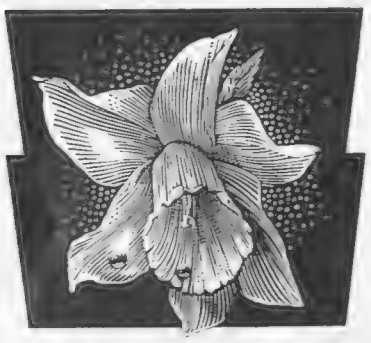

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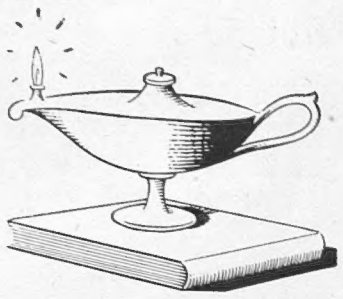

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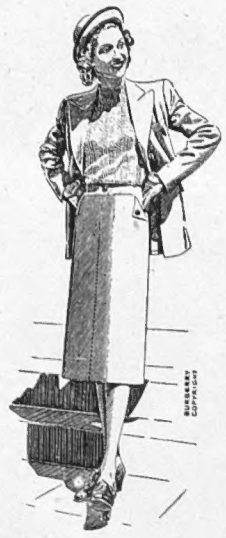

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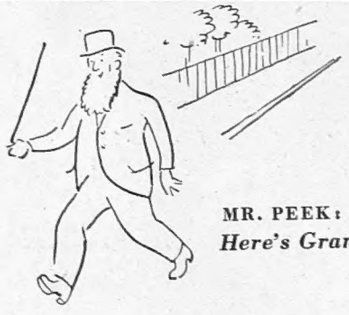

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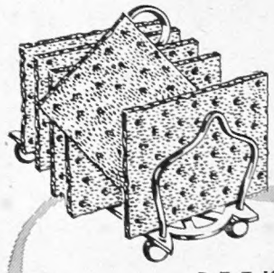

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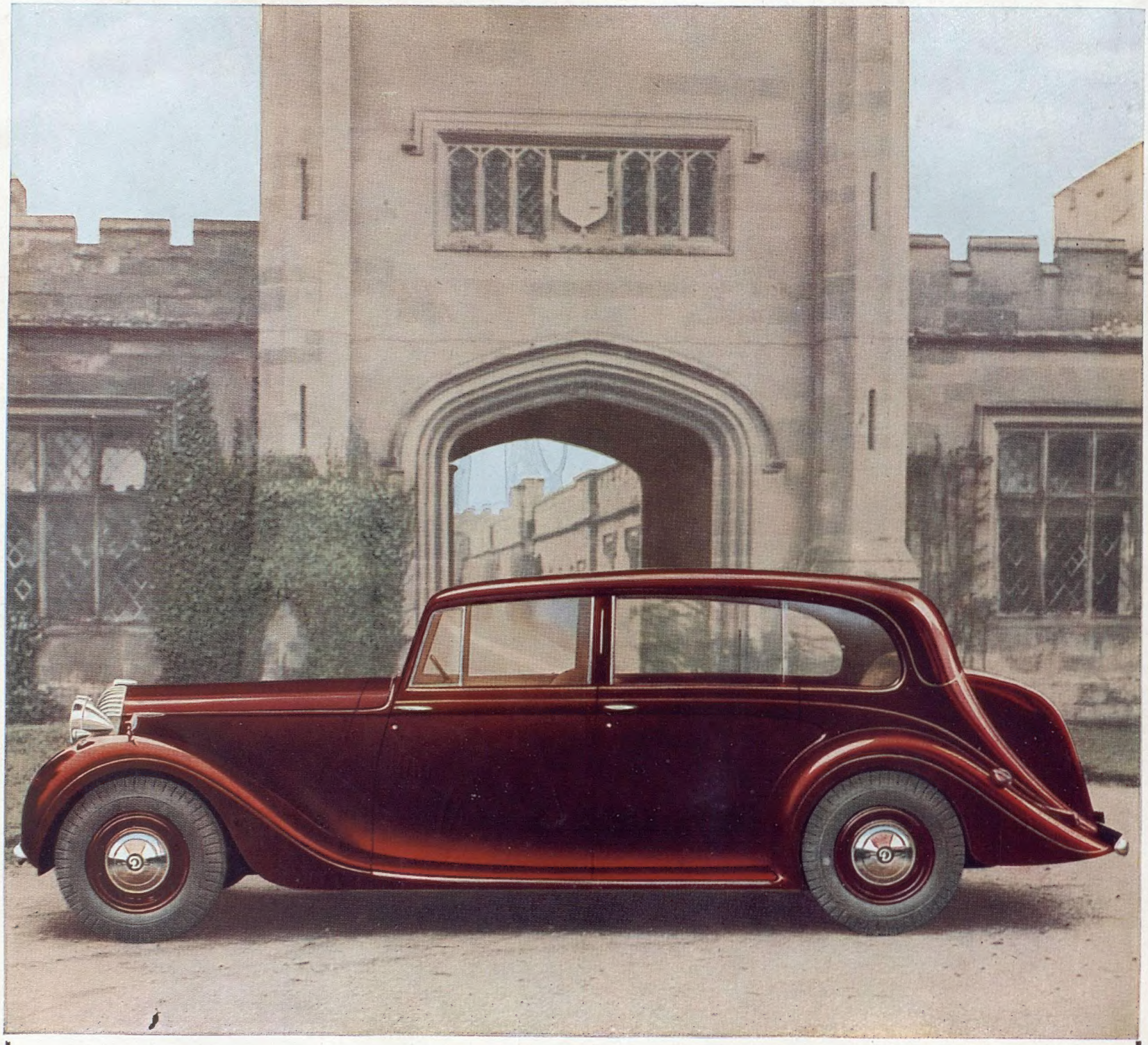

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